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PRESIDENT MCKINLEY DELIVERING HIS INAUGURAL ADDRESS

"SECTIONALISM HAS DISAPPEARED . . . PROPHETS OF EVIL WERE NOT THE BUILDERS OF THE REPUBLIC . . . OUR INSTITUTIONS WILL NOT DETERIORATE BY EXTENSION . . . IN CHINA OUR PART WILL BE THAT OF MODERATION AND FAIRNESS . . . WE ARE ACCOUNTABLE TO THE CUBANS FOR THE RECONSTRUCTION OF CUBA AS A FREE COMMONWEALTH . . . IN THE PHILIPPINES I SHALL CONTINUE THE EFFORTS ALREADY BEGUN UNTIL ORDER SHALL BE RESTORED, AND AS FAST AS CONDITIONS PERMIT WILL ESTABLISH LOCAL GOVERNMENTS"



PRESIDENT MCKINLEY RIDING IN THE PROCESSION, ACCOMPANIED BY SENATOR HANNA (ON THE PRESIDENT'S LEFT) AND REPRESENTATIVES CANNON AND MCRAE

THE PRESIDENTIAL INAUGURATION

By FREDERICK PALMER

THE PRESIDENT is shining if the sun is not," said the lady next to me while the troops were marching past the reviewing stand in the sleet and rain. No one, barring Theodore Roosevelt, seemed less fatigued on the night of March 4; no one seemed to enjoy the inauguration ceremonies more than William McKinley. He likes the bowing and smiling formalities of his position, where Cleveland and Harrison found only the power of it attractive. Or, if he does not "think his part," he acts it most consummately and most enduringly.

There are four great features of an inauguration: The administering of the oath to the President in the presence of the multitude before the east front of the Capitol; the administering of the oath to the Vice-President in the Senate Chamber; the parade of troops from every part of the Union; and the crowd. Two of these are solemn, and three are impressive. The fourth is good-natured of itself and interesting to every member of it who looks upon his fellows from the viewpoint of a spectator. First a word about this. The crowd represents people who have travelled ten miles from the borders of Maryland and Virginia in a trolley car and those who have travelled twenty-five hundred miles in a Pullman. Those from a distance are the first to arrive. If one is going so far to witness a single event, a few days one way or the other does not matter. Again, any one who can afford fare for twenty-five hundred miles can afford the charges of Washington hotels. Their methods are, in one sense, catholic. If Parisian hotels had followed them during the Exposition the present deficit in the French birth rate might be curtailed. They seem especially adapted to the thousands of newly married couples who make a bridal trip to the inauguration. The same rates—which, of course, are exorbitant—are charged for room and board whether one or two persons occupy the room. Whether you occupy the room one day or seven, you must pay for it for a week. As a result, if you arrive early you see more honeymooning in a shorter time than you can see anywhere else in the world. The plan is agreeable to the railroads, which are bound to have all the people that they can carry on March 3 and 4.

To the American the most striking thing about the crowd in Washington is the absence of foreigners. At a great demonstration in New York or in Chicago you see the faces of many who were born abroad and many, indeed, who have not taken out their naturalization papers. Only the second generation, which has become thoroughly American in manner and appearance, goes to the inauguration. It is in every sense a national and a typical crowd. It makes you laugh at the foreigner's attitude that you belong to a conglomeration of nationalities which is under one flag but not to a distinct people. To the foreigner, therefore, who expects quite the contrary, its conspicuousness is the striking thing. The Hoosier, the cowboy, the ranchman, the Georgia colonel, the Chinaman, the New Yorker and the New Englander—all are American; and intuitively you will notice any foreigner as he passes.

THE RAIN WASHED OFF THE GOLD PAINT

Man did all that he could to make this the most splendid inauguration in the country's history. The rain intervened and washed off the gold paint and made the plumes droop. When I left my hotel near Lafayette Square at 9.30, the sun was about to peep through the clouds, as it had been every morning at that time for the last week. By noon we expected to have soft spring sunshine and balmy air, which would make overcoats an irksome weight on the shoulders. The President had as fair weather for the last ride of his first term when he went from the White House to the Capitol at 10.30 as foul for the first ride of his second term when he went back from the Capitol to the White House and the reviewing stand in front of it. From the steps of the Capitol at 10 o'clock, Pennsylvania Avenue was already black with people. Many of them had been walking up and down since seven o'clock. They had no object in the world except to see "all that was to be seen." Visitors to Washington are purely spectators. They do not include slapping as one of the objects of their journey as they do when they go to any other big city. All that Washington itself, which regards both the President and the inauguration as purely local institutions, requires is that the crowd pay high rates for its board and lodging programmes.

Your first impression as you pass through the noiseless swinging doors from the press lobby into the chamber is that the President of the United States can draw a larger crowd to the Senate galleries than any Senator. You enjoy the rare experience of seeing some one in the diplomatic gallery. The first lady there is Mrs. Wu Ting-Fang. To her the proceedings must have had something of the same charm as a Chinese theatre to an American. At 10.30 the galleries are already half full. At 11.30 even the front row of the east gallery is occupied. That is reserved for the families of the President and the Vice-President. Mrs. McKinley comes in leaning on the arm of the bulky figure of Adjutant General Corbin, resplendent in uniform. Across the aisle is Mrs. Roosevelt with the Roosevelt children. The boy, a youngster of seven or eight, seems to have inherited both his father's eyeglasses and his activity. He amuses the Senate by taking out a pad and pencil and proceeding to take notes and draw pictures of the members in the most business-like manner. Thanks to the women's hats and gowns, the galleries are a sloping, blossoming wall of color to the very doors, which, as well as the aisles, are occupied. This makes the Senatorial black all the more pronounced.

SENATORS IN FROCK-COATS AND DIPLOMATISTS IN SCARLET

Every individual Senator is in a frock-coat. As they sit in the three circular rows, shoulder to shoulder, the artist's eye sees so many white cuffs and so many triangular points of white bosom on an inky background. You might readily take them, if they were not in gay mood, for so many mourners at a funeral. They have taken their places early so as to be secure in them when the members of the House flock in. Crowded together thus, they occupy not more than a third of the whole floor space, the rest being filled with cane-seated chairs for guests and the members of the House. The old leaders of the Senate are still the leaders. If you wish a bill passed you must have it approved by two men. It is fit that Allison and Aldrich, who work together and are not great speechmakers, should sit side by side. With his heavy iron-gray beard and hair, and big, strong face, the old member from Iowa looks very much the lion that he is. It is no secret in Washington that this pair, in their quiet, workman-like manner, and with the greatest courtesy, of course, have shown Senator Hanna that to be the leader of the party is not to be the leader of the Senate. He returned to Washington a conqueror after last autumn's election and he is still a conqueror, but not of the Senate. Two faces are conspicuous among those who are for the last time sitting in the Senate. The Senate will miss Wolcott, with his fine speeches and his good-fellowship, and the tonic of Chandler's fighting qualities.

And Chandler, who loves a good quarrel, will certainly miss the Senate. In sentiment, the Senate is loth to have any of its members retired. It has something of the dislike for new faces of the old members of a club. The day is past when political enemies are not good friends. Senator Tillman is talking on one side with the scholarly Hoar and on the other elbow with Eugene Hale, who apparently has a good valet. Pettigrew is chuckling over Senator Carter's speech. He has been talking to kill time and a bill most of the night and is to continue to talk until noon, when the session dies. He seems to take it for granted that he should continually repeat himself as he gasps for strength. The rush of war correspondents for a cable office could not be more undignified than this incident in the greatest legislative body on earth. Perforce he has the largest audience that has listened to a Senator for four years. Wolcott at his best could not draw anything like it. He has all the Senate and the crowded galleries as listeners, who are on the tip of expectancy as they watch the minute hand of the clock go around to the hour of twelve. It reaches twelve and then it is turned back a quarter of an hour. The House of Representatives, led by the Speaker, comes through the corridor and enters at the main door—a crowd breaking in upon the senate club. There is just room enough and no more for all the Representatives, and it takes them ten minutes to arrange themselves. There remain the row of vacant chairs in a circle in front of the desk and those in front of the President's platform and facing the Chamber. The civilian black is suddenly relieved by the glint of a column of gold braid coming down the aisle, with Lord Pauncefoot, the dean of the Diplomatic Corps, at its head. They take the vacant

chairs on the right of the aisle. Washingtonians can pick out each country's representative. Strangers know Pauncefoot, and, by their garb, the Turkish, the Persian and the Chinese Ministers. They are a showy group, it is true; but one is inclined to say to those who favor the adoption of uniform by our Ambassadors and Ministers, that they do not look as dignified as the Senators in black. Then seven white heads resting on seven black gowns appear. They are led by Chief-Justice Fuller, who is seated just across the aisle from Pauncefoot. There has been much discussion as to whether he or the dean of the Diplomatic Corps is entitled to be on the right of the aisle. The White House, with its gift of facile compromise, makes the Chief-Justice rank the Ambassador in the ceremonies in the Senate and the Ambassador the Chief-Justice in the ceremonies on the Capitol steps.

THE VICE-PRESIDENT TAKES THE OATH

And then everybody knows that Roosevelt is the next actor to come upon the stage. Spontaneously there is a clapping of hands. Will he come down this aisle as President four years hence? is a question that everybody is asking himself. Will he make the Vice-Presidency, which has been a dropping-off place, a stepping-stone to greater honor? His face, bronzed by exposure, puts him in striking contrast to everybody around him. His shoulders thrown back, his well-built figure and his light step make him seem younger than he is. The sergeant-at-arms, stepping forward, announces in a dry, penetrating voice, almost phonographic in its lack of feeling, "The President of the United States." There is another outburst of hand-clapping as Mr. McKinley appears in the doorway. He is the first President since Grant to walk down the aisle alone. The thirty or forty steps to the red leather chair in front of the Speaker's rostrum are the most trying that can fall to the lot of an American citizen. It is hard to conceive how he could have taken them with greater dignity or solemnity. His self-possession is, as ever, absolutely manifest. His strong, serious, almost ministerial face redeems the portly figure. He seats himself as easily as if he were among friends in his library, instead of facing a great and critical assemblage. He throws one leg over the other and his hands rest easily on the arms of the chair. You wonder if in all his life he has ever known the feeling of stage fright.

Plainly the Vice-President is a victim of it as he rises to take the oath. His "I do" in response to Senator Frye's enunciation of the oath is almost inaudible, as are the first words of his speech, which to me is the finest thing of the day. In a moment he becomes *en rapport* with his audience and you can hear him distinctly. He is not oratorical. As the clear-cut phrases fall from his lips, his well-modulated voice is quivering with earnestness. He is not acting his part; he is thinking it. The Senators regard him with more interest and curiosity than they would the President if he were speaking. They know their McKinley through conferences at the White House, where they have found a system of politics quite as clever as their own. It is amazing to me how he has secured as much as he has from this exclusive club of fine old gentlemen. But they do not yet know their Roosevelt. They are wondering if he is going to be mischievous, and, if he is, what they will do with him. (For, you see, this new member, Hanna, was mischievous at the beginning of the session.)

The close of the Vice-President's speech is the signal for the emptying of the galleries. In ordinary times, the function of swearing in the new Senators is enough to fill them. On a day like this it sinks into insignificance. Everybody hurries to his place at the east front of the Capitol. Here, tiers upon tiers of wooden seats reserved for the privileged few slope down to the edge of the crowd of the unprivileged but mighty. An avenue leads down from the door of the eastern portico to the covered platform which waits for the President, who, as in the Senate, is the last to come. Flags are hung between the pillars of the portico, while three float on staffs from the cupola. These are the only decorations of the Capitol building. It needs no other. Whether in mist or in sunshine, the great dome dominates everything.

THE "SHOW" BEGINS

While the members of the press wait in seats on either side of the platform, every one becomes a weather prophet. We know by the threatening clouds that it is going to rain very

soon. Our prayer that it may hold off for an hour is not answered. The air becomes so chilly that the rain is half sheet. It is falling in earnest when the Ambassadors and Ministers appear. They lose their interest in the function and begin to think of pneumonia. The cold is bitter. They have no wraps. Their cocked hats do not keep the sleet from their faces. They could not look more forlorn in their plumes and gold lace if a hose had been turned on them. It occurs to no one to supply them with umbrellas or to do anything at all for their comfort.

It is amazing, considering the uncertainty of the weather in Washington in March, that a roof is not provided for the guests who personally represent their sovereigns on so great an occasion. The leonine face of Lord Pauncefoot, with its bristling mustache and bushy eyebrows and square jaw, suggests a growl, though it may be a repressed one. Baron Fava is actually shivering. He nearly wins a round of applause by stepping up on to the President's platform under cover, where he looks the picture of disgust. His age, and the age of most of the Ministers and Ambassadors, if nothing else, calls for better treatment. The older Senators do not expose themselves to the elements. They remain in the Capitol. The Justices of the Supreme Court are in the same plight as the Ambassadors. Justice Harlan alone, to the envy of his colleagues, has been thoughtful enough to bring an umbrella. When Mrs. McKinley, on the arm of Adjutant-General Corbin, appears, everybody in the seats thinks, with solicitude for that gentle lady, if they do not say it aloud: "Mrs. McKinley, you ought not to do this."

The wife who has been at the President's side throughout his public career is determined to be near him in the moment of triumph, when he is for the second time made the Chief Executive of the nation. She is so weak that she nearly falls as she ascends the steps of the platform. The General wraps a rug about her feet and makes her as comfortable as possible.

The crowd is good-natured, as American crowds always are. In London, under the same circumstances, there would be fistuffs. For hours the swaying multitude has been waiting for a chance to cheer. It can recognize none of the great personages as they descend the steps from the east door. It does not see Roosevelt. If it did it would go mad. Unnoticed, he passes down to the rear of the platform, while the crowd is straining its eyes for an object upon which to centre its applause.

IN FRONT OF THE CAPITOL

The President, too, as he descends, is not definitely recognized. With him are the two generals of the last campaign: Hanna, who fought for him, and Jones, who fought against him, share equally the honor of his escort.

As he steps upon the platform, the President is as suddenly revealed to the crowd as a figure on a darkened stage when the lights are turned up. They recognize him now, and their voices go out to greet him. He seems very much at home.

"Evidently he has been there before," some one remarks. The scene when the one man chosen by seventy millions of souls to preside over their destinies comes before the people themselves to take the oath of office is certainly supremely republican. Those who speak of the inauguration as a coro-

nation cannot be thinking of a coronation in form. Kings are crowned in the presence of a select body of nobles and notables, with perhaps a few seats niggardly given to the members of the press. Here the new ruler has his back to the few and his face to the people. The citizen who could best hear the President's inaugural address was a dandy in a rusty brown coat and an old slouch hat with a torn brim. He must have taken up his position at daylight. I judge from his appearance that he was out of a job and could afford to. Doubtless if you should search through his pockets you could not find a quarter. Yet there he was in a position of vantage, face to face with the ruler who has been called the father of the corporations.

The President bows easily to the right and the left, just as he did to a crowd when he was on the stump in the old days.

THE PRESIDENT TAKES THE OATH AND TALKS ABOUT IMPERIALISM

Having acknowledged the plaudits, he drops his hat upon a chair and steps to one side. The Chief-Justice steps upon the platform. Behind him is the clerk of the Supreme Court. They take their places as if they had been trained by many rehearsals for the part. With the open Bible in his hands, the clerk stands between the majesty of the execution of the law and the majesty of its interpretation for the seventy millions, including the greatest and the humblest, a Rockefeller and the black man in his torn slouch hat. Both the President and the Chief-Justice have their right hands upon the Bible. As he looks earnestly into the President's eye, the deep wrinkles and knots between the Chief-Justice's eyes give him an appearance of severity. If low-spoken, his words are none the less forceful. Those who cannot hear know the meaning of the pantomime. The silence is as impressive as the ceremony. When Mr. McKinley says "I do," the words are plumped out with veritable zest. He does not merely press his lips to the Bible; he kisses it unctuously, dramatically. And his second term as President of the United States has begun. The Chief-Justice and the clerk fall back from the platform without bows or any formality, leaving the President with the people.

The slanting rain increases. It drives in under the roof of the platform upon the President's bare head. Mrs. McKinley, smiling through her tears of joy, has seen her husband again inaugurated, and she is borne back up the steps to the shelter of the Capitol. Roosevelt, standing by the steps of the platform, seems blissfully unconscious of the downpour. He has no fears of rheumatism or pneumonia.

The President himself refuses to recognize that there is anything wrong with the weather. His smile is that of a May day; though as he speaks his breath hangs upon the cold mist in little puffs of white. With his first word he is the practiced orator who feels perfectly at home. Even in the heavy atmosphere his voice carries far, and thousands in the crowd can hear him. Those who cannot can read the address in the papers later on, and then tell their friends at home what they heard him say. Seemingly he has memorized the first few paragraphs of his address, and he speaks without the printed slips which later he takes from his overcoat pocket. He takes advantage of the close of a period to adjust his gold eyeglasses, and thereafter he refers to the paper in his hand as he turns

from side to side. The thicker the raindrops, the chillier it becomes, the more he warms to his subject. Now and then, as he pauses, some one from the crowd cries a short, sharp sentence of commendation—a "We won't!" or "We will!" or "That's right!"

But the rainstorm is stronger than the President. Particles keep disappearing from the outer edge of the crowd, until it is bounded by those within hearing. Senators and foreign Ministers hurry away, and toward the last the speaker has not an audience of more than five thousand people. As I go I observe that the colored man is still fast at his post.

PATRIOTS IN PROCESSION

Meanwhile, for many hours, entirely exposed to the elements, two hundred thousand people have been standing along the great avenue that leads from the Capitol to the White House. They have come to Washington to see the President, and they do not intend to be defeated in their object. And, meanwhile, twenty-five thousand troops have been going from their stations in different parts of the city, as separate organizations, to form for the parade which is to march from the Capitol. It is no more allowable to go back under fire from the heavens than it is under fire from an armed enemy. After they were drenched to the skin the paraders became indifferent as to whether it rained any more or not. Those who took the thing most to heart naturally were the campaign clubs. Many of them, too, were men of middle age who were not used to soldiering. They had slept on cots or in any corner where lodging-house keepers could stow them away. They had gone to bed late and had risen early. It was probably the first time in years that many of them had walked more than a mile in a day. When the last drink of the flask was gone, when they had stood in line for hours in the storm, some of them began to wonder if Presidents were worth inaugurating.

"I don't know after all," one of them said, "but the Bryan fellows that we bet with at home are having the best time. I paid six dollars for sitting up last night; that was the second-class rate. The man who used my knees for a pillow was first-class; he paid ten. We are spending a good deal more than we won, and if we go back home with pneumonia I guess the laugh will be on us."

What Broadway is to New York Pennsylvania Avenue is to Washington for purposes of a parade. The line forms at the Capitol, with the President at its head, and marches to the White House. There it waits until the President takes his place in the reviewing stand. I had time to go to my hotel for luncheon and to a seat opposite the reviewing stand, where I waited for an hour before the President appeared. The Court of Honor arranged in front of the White House was something new, and supposedly imperial in the way of decorations for inauguration. It amounted to no more and no less than a row of white columns on either side of the street, each column surmounted by a flare of electric lights in the form of a globe.

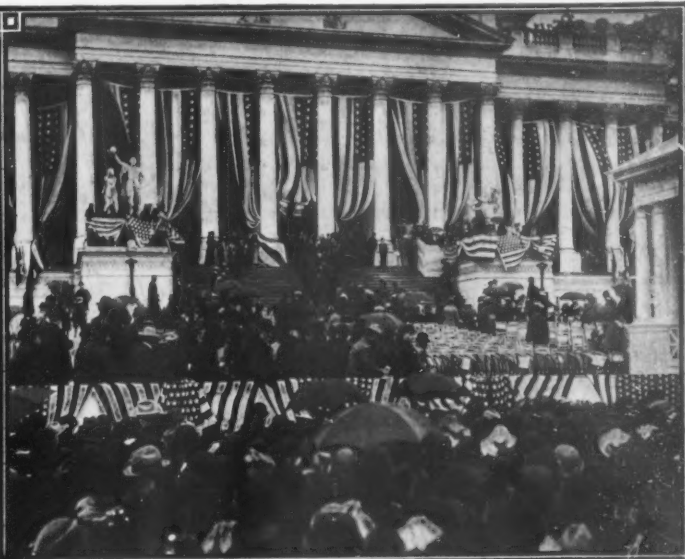
GETTING IN OUT OF THE WET

No monarch could have wished for a gayer escort than Troop A of Ohio, with its yellow-bound tunics and busbies,

(CONCLUDED ON PAGE 13)



PRESIDENT McKINLEY, WITH HIS GUARD OF HONOR, ARRIVES AT THE CAPITOL



THE PRESIDENT DESCENDS THE CAPITOL STEPS TO THE INAUGURAL STAND



WHILE THE RAIN WAS PATTING DOWN THE PRESIDENT MADE SOME REMARKS ON IMPERIALISM AND ANNOUNCED THE FATE OF CUBA AND THE PHILIPPINES



VICE-PRESIDENT-ELECT ROOSEVELT ARRIVES AT
THE CAPITOL

"SQUADRON A" ESCORTING THE PRESIDENT FROM
THE WHITE HOUSE



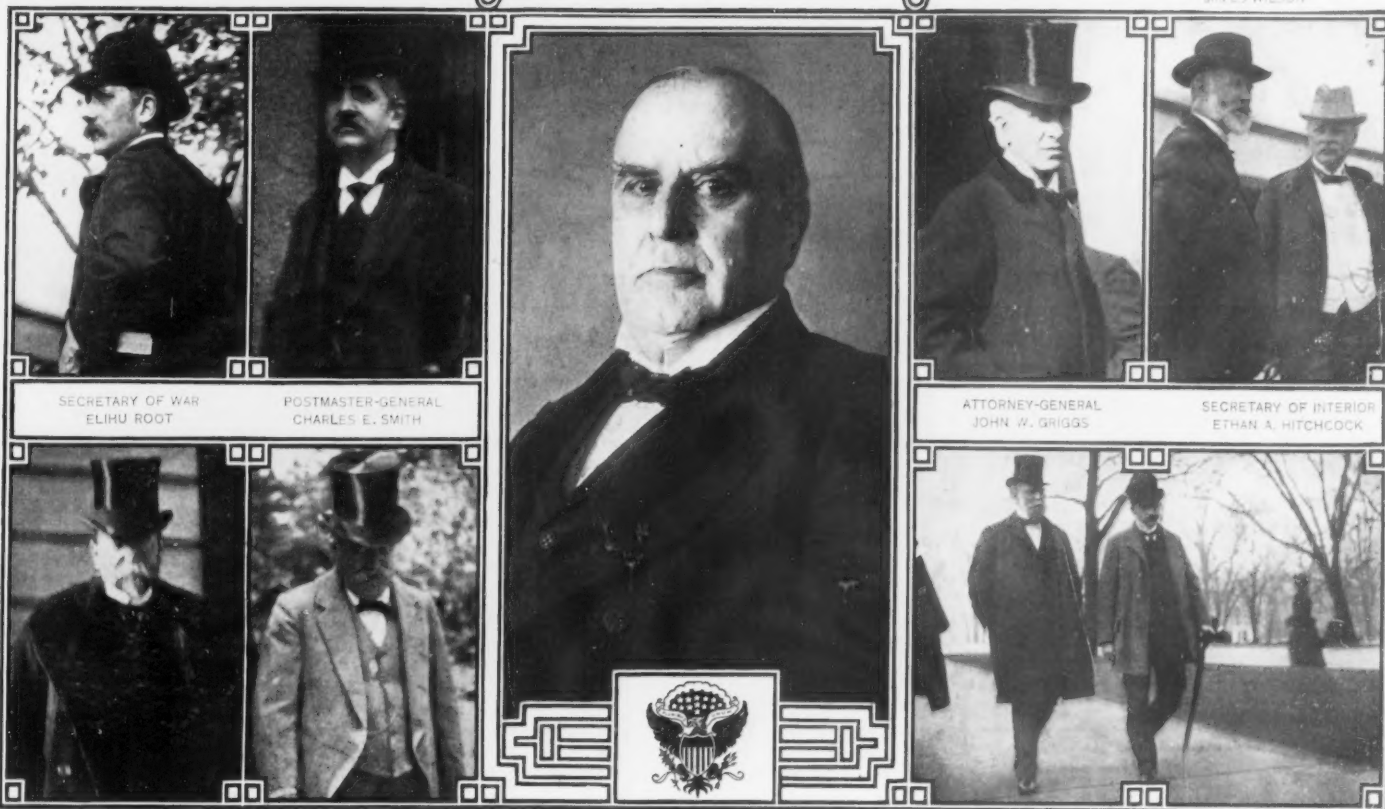
WHERE THE DIPLOMATIC CORPS WITNESSED THE CEREMONIES IN A DOWNPOUR OF RAIN



PHOTOGRAPHS BY HARE AND RAU

CONGRESSMEN AND OTHER DIGNITARIES DESCENDING THE STEPS OF THE CAPITOL TO OCCUPY THE GRAND STAND

THE INAUGURATION OF McKINLEY AND ROOSEVELT

SECRETARY OF STATE
JOHN HAYSECRETARY OF THE NAVY
JOHN D. LONG

PRESIDENT WILLIAM McKINLEY

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SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY LYMAN J. GAGE, AND
HIS PRIVATE SECRETARY

ACHIEVEMENTS OF THE 56th CONGRESS

By DONELSON CAFFERY, Senator from Louisiana

"SNAPSHOT" PHOTOGRAPHS BY B. M. CLINEDINST, WASHINGTON



SENATOR DONELSON CAFFERY

SENATOR DONELSON CAFFERY, of Louisiana, who has written for COLLIER'S WEEKLY the following article on the work of the recent session of Congress, has long been recognized as one of the intellectual leaders of the Senate. As his term of office expired March 4, he is at liberty to speak his mind freely, and his comment and criticism in this article are made entirely without bias and without restraint. It is remarkable that both Democratic leaders like ex-President Cleveland and Republican leaders like ex-Senator Edmunds looked to Senator Caffery as the exponent of the best public opinion and wisdom of his section and of his party. Senator Caffery has been all his life a large

sugar planter in St. Mary Parish, Louisiana. He served with distinction in the Civil War, and afterward rose to the highest rank at the bar. He was a leader in the State Constitutional Convention of 1879, and was elected to the United States Senate in 1892. In the Senate he was always placed on the most important committees, where his great ability and tremendous capacity for getting at facts and real conditions made him invaluable.

I AM ASKED to review briefly the most important legislation of the session of Congress just ended, as well as to comment upon such important legislation as seemed to be required by existing conditions, but which was neglected by the National Legislature.

I should say that, leaving out of consideration for the moment the usual appropriation bills for the military and civil administrations, the most important acts of legislation are those relating to the establishment of civil government in the Philippine Islands, and the act imposing the conditions of a conqueror upon the Cuban people as a consideration for the withdrawal of the troops of the United States from the island of Cuba.

ENORMOUS APPROPRIATIONS

It may be said with truth, that the appropriations for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1901, are the largest in the history of the nation. They will amount to the enormous total of about \$750,000,000; and yet the visible revenues of the government will not, in all probability, exceed \$700,000,000. The only noted reduction in taxation is the comparatively insignificant scaling of war revenue taxes amounting in all to a reduction of about \$42,000,000. It is apparent, therefore, that a deficit will stare the Secretary of the Treasury in the face by the 1st of July, 1901. The expenses of our war establishment, instead of diminishing, are constantly increasing. While recruiting for the army goes on very slowly at the present time, there is no doubt that a sufficient number of recruits will be enlisted, before the end of the fiscal year, to absorb the greater proportion of, if not the entire, amount set aside for that and other purposes in the appropriation bills.

In dealing with the omissions and shortcomings of Con-

gress, attention should be called at the outset to the signal failure of the recent session to enact any legislation remedying the defect in our financial legislation, which was so strongly adverted to by the Republican party in the recent campaign. It was then pointed out that the gold standard could be menaced by an endless chain of silver, as it had theretofore been menaced by an endless chain of greenbacks. Remedial and protective legislation along the lines indicated was imperatively demanded at the hands of the present Administration; but no measures looking to the safe-guarding of the gold standard were either adopted or pressed.

Another noted failure is in the matter of anti-trust legislation. Promises were made by the Republican party, both in the platforms of State and National conventions, and in innumerable utterances made upon the political rostrum, to enact legislation that would protect the people at large from the exactions of trusts and monopolies. These promises have not been kept. While the subject of trust legislation is a very intricate one in its nature, and deserves and demands the most careful consideration, yet an attempt in that direction should have been made, and it is possible that it might have met with success.

SHIP SUBSIDY GRABBERS AND THE RUSSIAN TAX

Instead of enacting laws to safeguard the gold standard, and to protect the people against the exactions of trusts and monopolies, the energies of the dominant Republican majority were wasted in an attempt to fasten upon the country the most odious of monopolies. This took form in the bill to grant a yearly gratuity to some five lines of American-owned ships of \$9,000,000 per annum, with an indefinite lien upon the Treasury, running up into countless millions, after the \$9,000,000 limit should be reached. This effort to create a monopoly of ocean transportation was properly checked by the Democratic minority, aided largely by dissidents to the theory of subsidy-grabbing from the ranks of the Republicans themselves. The measure was so bald and brazen that it inspired patriotic Republicans with courage to oppose its final enactment into law. With few exceptions, the Democrats in both Houses were arrayed solidly against the Ship Subsidy bill, and that its passage was defeated by their stubborn resistance is an encouraging indication that Democrats may yet get together on solid ground in the future and uphold the tenets of true Democracy in espousing such measures only as will redound to the general welfare, and opposing those that are designed merely for class and individual privilege.

Public attention has been lately arrested by the retaliatory duty imposed by Russia on structures of iron, such as locomotives and steel rails, and also on agricultural implements. These articles are exported to Russia to the extent of about \$10,000,000 annually. The retaliatory tax levied by Russia has been adopted because of the countervailing duty placed by Secretary Gage on about \$200,000 of Russian sugar imported into the United States.

Aside from any question as to the right of the United States to impose a countervailing duty on Russian sugar, the public mind has been necessarily drawn to the consideration of the condition of our export trade. Formerly, we exported only raw material, consisting principally of cotton and cereals. Now we are invading the markets of the world with the products of our furnaces, and looms, and factories. The moment that we compete with other nations of the world in their home markets we see their attention attracted acutely to the enormous strides made by the United States in the

manufacturing of nearly every article of use to mankind. The utterances of Lord Rosebery and Leroy Beaulieu, as well as those of other European statesmen and economists, on this subject should make us stop to think. While we have steadily maintained the policy of high protection, ever since the War of the Rebellion, against "pauper Europe," pauper Europe is now meditating a policy of protection against rich and aggressive America.

DISCRIMINATION AGAINST OUR MARKETS

It is worthy of note that the manufactured articles which we sell abroad in successful competition with similar articles of European make are sold there cheaper than they are sold here at home. This fact ought to make the distinguished author of the McKinley bill pause and the advocates of the Dingley bill consider. It ought to bring to them a realizing sense of the ability of the United States to manufacture its goods and wares without the aid of a tariff wall; and it ought to teach the ship-subsidy grabbers that American steel plates, out of which English steamers are now being constructed, are sold to Englishmen at twenty-eight dollars a ton and to Americans at about forty dollars a ton.

The lesson to be learned from this is that it would be better to demolish the tariff wall and force the equality of foreign and home prices in steel plates, so that shipbuilders could build their own ships, without asking the taxpayers of the United States to grant a subsidy to build them. If the Republican party is true to the declarations of its former leaders, that protection ultimately leads to free trade, now is the time to adopt that beneficent principle.

The two measures of most importance that were enacted into law by the Republican party in the recent session of Congress are those conferring power upon the President of the United States to invest all military and civil jurisdiction in such persons as he may select to govern the Philippine Islands, and imposing conditions of a conquering nation upon the Cuban people as a *sine qua non* of the withdrawal of our military forces from the island of Cuba.

The first measure referred to is a virtual delegation of the legislative power possessed only by Congress to the President of the United States. This is repugnant to the spirit of the Constitution itself, which has lodged that power exclusively in the hands of Congress. The advocates of the measure insisted that this law, which confers upon the President the power to invest civil and military jurisdiction in certain persons for the government of the Philippines, has a parallel and justification in the law of 1803, which gave similar power to the President with respect to the government of the then Territory of Louisiana. Upon an investigation of that law, however, it will readily be seen that there is no parallel between the two measures.

PRESIDENT'S FOREIGN POLICY UNCONSTITUTIONAL

In the statute of 1803, Congress virtually adopted the law of France, and only provided substantially that it was to be executed by certain appointees of the government or the President. Congress has as much power to adopt laws already of force as it has to make new laws. It is the proper function of a legislative body to do this; but in the case of the Philippine Islands the President has to make laws, and the President is clothed with authority to invest certain persons with such military and civil jurisdiction as he may choose. This is exactly in line with the rôle of empire. The decent observances of ancient Rome, in allowing the Senate ostensi-



OUR LAWMAKERS IN THE STREETS OF WASHINGTON

bly to pass laws, has been departed from in the instance of the Philippines. The Senate and House of Representatives of the United States have wantonly flung away their legislative authority, and have, in the face of the Constitution, clothed the President with it.

It is but just to say that the President has been somewhat curbed in the exercise of his civil jurisdiction by the Hoar amendment, which prohibits the sale and lease of public lands and provides that all franchises should last only for one year after the establishment of civil government. It remains to be seen whether the President, thus clothed with despotic power, will exercise it under the limitations and in accordance with the spirit of the Constitution, or will branch out into absolutism.

SUZERAINTY OVER CUBA

The most indefensible legislation enacted at this session of Congress is what is commonly known as the Platt amendments to the House bill No. 14,017, making appropriations for the support of the army. In the teeth of the pledge of our national faith and honor to the people of Cuba in the Teller resolutions, we have adopted these amendments, which virtually make Cuba a dependency of the United States. The Cubans are not permitted to assume or contract any public debt, if in the opinion of the United States the revenues of the island are insufficient to meet the interest thereon. The United States are given the right to intervene whenever they may deem proper, either to preserve Cuban independence or to maintain the government in Cuba, so that it shall be "adequate for the protection of life, property, and individual liberty, and for discharging the obligations with respect to Cuba, imposed by the Treaty of Paris, on the United States, now to be assumed and undertaken by the government of Cuba." The United States segregate the Isle of Pines from Cuba, although it is a part of Cuba and has always been so considered, and Cuba claims its ownership. These provisions put beyond the control of the Cubans and in the hands of the United States this island, which is an integral part of Cuba.

The Monroe Doctrine, properly applied, is a sufficient guarantee to the United States against the lodgment of any power in the island of Cuba, or its colonization or occupation by foreign powers for military purposes. The provisions in the amendments referred to, which guard against the colonization and occupation of Cuba by foreign powers, and against any treaty that Cuba might wish to make with foreign powers, giving control to them over that island, might as well have been omitted, because their insertion adds no force whatever to the rights that we already claim and exercise as arising out of the principles of the Monroe Doctrine. Nor would the Cubans in all likelihood make any objection to ratifying all acts of the United States during the military occupancy of the island by our forces, nor would they be likely to object to the provision in regard to permitting the United States to adopt and carry out such sanitary regulations to prevent a spread of epidemics from that island to the Southern coast of the United States as might be deemed advisable. But taking the territory of Cubans, claiming the right to intervene whenever the United States may deem proper in the affairs of that island; and prohibiting the Cubans from contracting any public debt when, in the opinion of the United States, the revenues of the island are insufficient to meet its interest, are a most flagrant and indefensible violation of our solemn faith.

ASSUMING SPAIN'S ROBBERY ROLE

It is noticeable also that the United States claim the right to establish naval and coaling stations at certain points in the island of Cuba. This step is merely ancillary to the other high pretensions set up by the United States. If the United States establish permanent coaling and naval stations in the island of Cuba, it clearly amounts to the establishment of permanent garrisons on that island. This would be not only inconsistent with the Teller resolutions, in which we made so lofty a declaration of purely humanitarian motives, but would be a constant menace to the Cubans themselves, and a constant reminder that they are not free and independent, but subjects of the United States.

The policy of the dominant party in regard to Cuba finds but few parallels in history. No apology whatever is offered, nor any reason given for thus setting aside the solemn compact voluntarily made by the United States with all the civilized powers of the earth. As no casus belli whatever existed between the United States and Spain, other than the unendurable atrocities committed upon the inhabitants of Cuba by the Spaniards, we lifted aloft the banner of humanity as a pretext for armed intervention. On every fold of that banner was written a declaration of the unselfish purpose which animated us. We declared that we desired neither conquest nor gain, but solely the relief of the oppressed people of Cuba, whose independence we had already acknowledged in the declaration of war. After Spain had been conquered and the island of Cuba pacified and civil order restored, we repudiate our humanitarian promises and ruthlessly rob the liberated people of the boon of independence.

Aside from any consideration of the moral turpitude of this conduct, it is manifest that it is the height of unwisdom and folly. In the natural course of events, American capital and American enterprise would be devoted to the development of that fertile island, and close commercial relations would rapidly spring up between its people and our own. It is equally clear that, in the course of a few years, our predominating influence would be felt; and that predominating influence would unquestionably bring about in a short while the annexation of the island to the United States. But right across the even current of honest endeavor and upright dealing we have placed a barrier of insurmountable hatred. The Cubans are but human. They would not be of Spanish origin if they were not also somewhat revengeful; and by this act of treachery and Punic faith, a barrier of insurmountable hatred and resentment has been raised which must ultimately produce a harvest of active and continuous opposition. And it is not rash to forecast the time when the United States will be playing the rôle of Spain in Cuba, and another Weyler, and another horrid scene of desolation and starvation be brought about by our own actions.

NICARAGUA CANAL SHOULD BE FREE

The one prominent measure which failed of enactment into law during the recent session was the Nicaragua Canal bill. In my opinion, this bill properly failed of recognition, for the reason that to have given it serious consideration while negotiations were pending with England for the modification of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty would have been a direct insult to England. Indeed, it is doubtful whether the amendment to the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, providing for the control and fortification of the canal by the United States, was wise and politic. Any canal which links free oceans should itself be as free as

the oceans it unites. While such a canal across Nicaragua might afford strategically a better opportunity for the mobilization of our fleets in case of war with a great naval power, yet, in the long run, the canal would inevitably be dominated by the power that had the largest or strongest naval armaments. An inter-oceanic canal, like the one proposed for Nicaragua, is not conceived for the purposes of war, but for those of peace. Our coast is as defensible without as it would be with such a canal. Our country could not be invaded successfully by any possible combination of all the naval powers of Europe. Of course, ravages might be committed along the coasts, but they would likely be committed whether the canal were built or not. Every consideration, therefore, points to a canal to be consecrated solely to the purposes of commerce and of peaceful travel, and not for the designs of warfare.

This much being conceded, it would seem to follow that our demands on England for a modification of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, so that we would be allowed the exclusive right to control and fortify the canal, would be both unwise and useless. The policing of the canal is, of course, the necessary jurisdiction which ought to lodge in the hands of the country that builds it; but the garrisoning and fortification and exclusive control of that waterway, in time of war, would be entirely foreign and antagonistic to all commercial interests and would be repugnant to our present treaty with Great Britain.

THE RIVER AND HARBOR BILL

The River and Harbor bill, with its something like \$50,000,000 of appropriations, was bitterly assailed throughout the country as a wanton and useless expenditure of the people's money. This is a charge that, in my opinion, is not well founded. While there may be, here and there in such bills, appropriations made for inland creeks and summer-dry rivers, as a whole they meet the general demands of commerce. The question of lower freight rates is one that affects very closely every interest of agriculture, commerce and trade in the United States. As our foreign trade becomes greater, the demand for cheaper, larger and easier transportation on the seas and in the interior becomes correspondingly more acute. To bring about cheap transportation, larger ships carrying greater cargoes are needed on the high seas, and to operate them successfully it is necessary that deep harbors should be provided and made absolutely secure. Where a depth of 20 feet was sufficient a decade ago, 25 and 30 feet are now required. Vessels of 3,000 tons, the ordinary "tramp" ship, conveyed our products abroad a score of years ago. These vessels were of 18 and 20 feet draught. The vessels of the present day are of 20,000 tons and 25 feet draught. Every dollar expended in deepening our harbors is well repaid by the lowering of freight rates which has been made possible by larger cargoes in bulk. The chief harbors of the United States, both on the Atlantic and Pacific shores, are clamoring for greater depth of channel. It is to meet these demands that appropriations are made in the River and Harbor bill.

The same considerations hold true, also, with reference to the larger rivers that find their way to the sea down the Mississippi Valley, or from the Appalachian range on the Atlantic, and the Rocky Mountains on the Pacific coast. The improvement of these waterways I regard as the only means of procuring effective competition with the railroads. They afford the only adequate check against undue exactions by railway lines; and to improve them, and to make them of greater usefulness and of easier navigation, well deserves the expenditure of public money.

BENEFITS OF DEEPER HARBORS

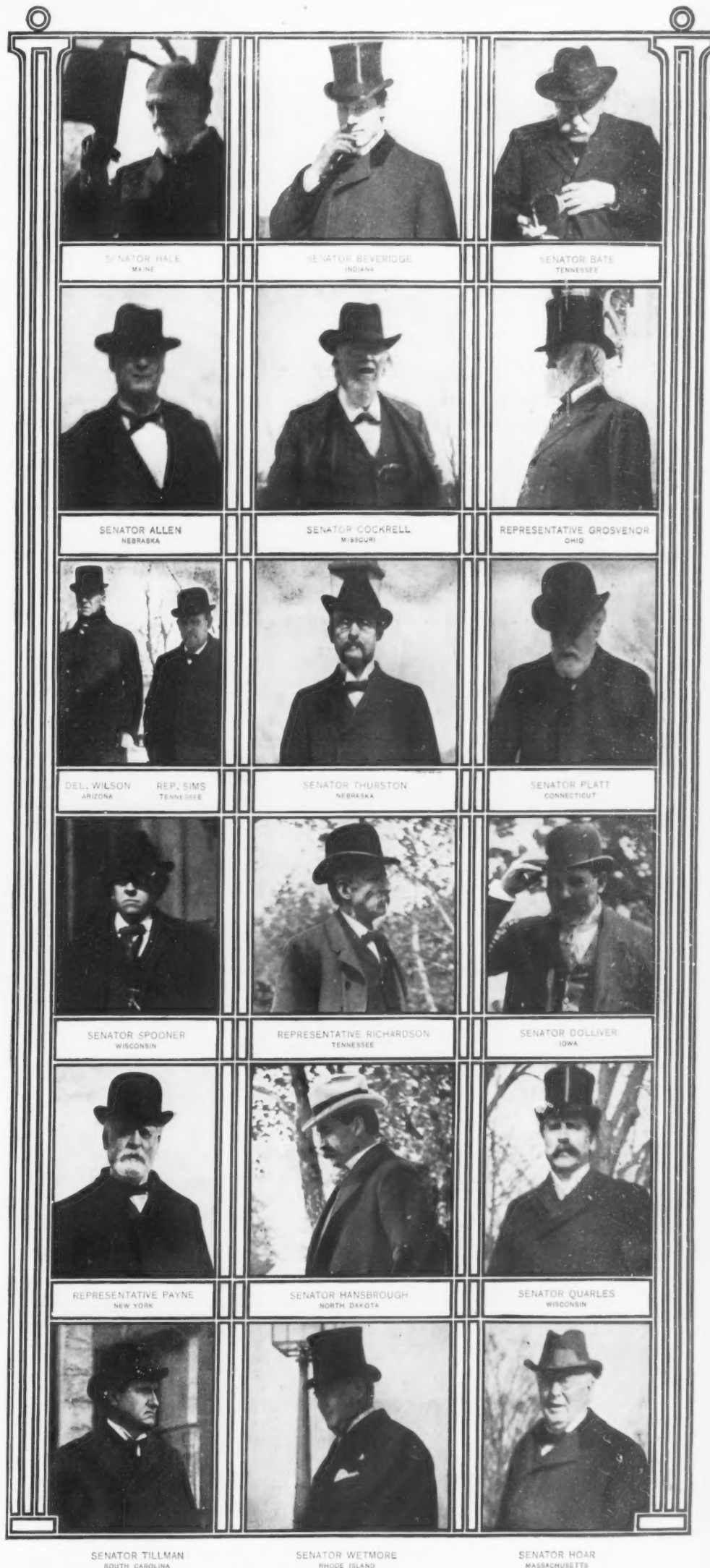
During the discussion, in the argument on this bill, of the improvement of the passes at the mouth of the Mississippi River it was stated, and abundantly supported by proof, that the deepening of the passes had already enabled vessels of 25 feet draught to go out loaded, and had decreased freights seven and ten cents a bushel on grain to all points east of the Mississippi River. As the railroads conveying cereals to the seaboard would be compelled to lower their freights to the point to which they were lowered down the Mississippi River to the sea, the total reduction in such rates would save the country, it has been carefully estimated, from \$40,000,000 to \$50,000,000 per annum.

There is no general system as yet for the improvement of rivers and harbors of the United States. The Engineer Corps of the United States Army has a local engineer in every important district of the United States. No appropriation is made unless preceded by a survey and an estimate of expenditures. These surveys are generally made by the local engineer, or, in exceptional cases, by a Commission of Engineers. The local engineer is, unfortunately, sometimes largely influenced by his environment. He is constantly subjected to the importunities of local interests, and may thus occasionally make favorable reports upon plans which, if submitted to an outside and unprejudiced board of engineers, might not be approved. The whole system, as at present in operation, ought to be changed. There ought to be a permanent body of engineers to take charge of all the rivers and harbors of the United States, and to go over every part of the country and make elaborate surveys and estimates of all river and harbor improvements. Such a body of engineers would not be, in the nature of things, subject to local influences, and its findings would therefore be undoubtedly impartial. This change in the system would largely take from the Representatives in Congress the onus and responsibility of urging improvements for their special localities.

AN ARMY FOR CONQUEST?

The Republican party has increased the army to 100,000 men. Such an army is certainly too large for times of peace. The motive of its increase lies entirely in the imperial policy of this Administration. While it may be considered that the army should be increased upon the present peace establishment of some 25,000 to 30,000 men, up to, say, 50,000 men, an increase beyond the latter number can only be sustained on the ground of the necessity for more troops in the Philippines.

It is to be hoped that this Administration will be followed by another that is more in touch with the Declaration of Independence and the genius of our Constitution. If this happy change take place, it will then be time to discuss whether or not a peace establishment as large as 50,000 troops is necessary for the United States. A change from the policy of imperialism to constitutionalism and republicanism will necessarily result in the abandonment of the Philippine Islands, or at least in the renunciation of sovereignty over those islands, as now claimed. What responsibility our sovereignty thus far exercised will entail upon us is a matter that may well be left to future consideration. That the United States could not leave the islands defenceless and a prey to the rapacity of land-grabbers and land-pirates goes without saying; but "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."



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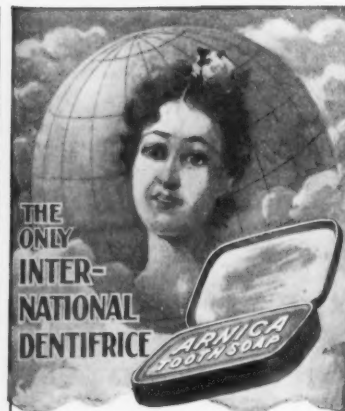
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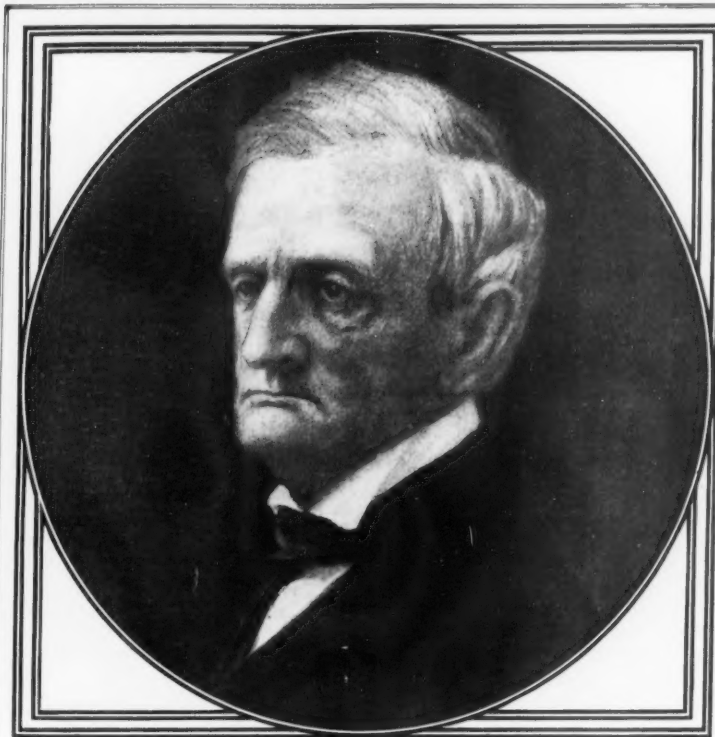
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WILLIAM M. EVARTS—BORN FEBRUARY 6, 1818; DIED FEBRUARY 28, 1901

WILLIAM M. EVARTS

By JOHN W. GRIGGS, Attorney-General of the United States

William M. Evarts was an extraordinary man—extraordinary in the range of his abilities, his capacity for work, his eminence in many departments of human activity. It is not by accident that a man rises to acknowledged leadership of the New York bar; it requires positive genius to reach that high station, great forcefulness and masterfulness to hold it for a quarter of a century. This Mr. Evarts did. Great as he was as Senator, great as Secretary of State, great as public servant in various posts of honor and responsibility, it was as lawyer that he won his highest fame, and as lawyer that he found his keenest satisfaction in exercise of the talents which nature had endowed him with. If there is a finer type of the intellectual American than this long-time leader of a brilliant bar—this man of action as well as of thought, this man of expression as well as of knowledge, this man who mastered the fundamental principles as well as the complex details of thousands of important cases in his professional career—I do not know where to look for him. William M. Evarts was an honor to his profession and to his country.

THE PRESIDENTIAL INAUGURATION

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 7)

which pranced into the White House grounds just ahead of the President's four-horse carriage with theatrical pomp and the clanking of sabres. At that moment the storm was at its worst. It looked as if the march past must be made in a driving rain. The crowd shivering under its umbrellas watched with interest the figures which alighted from the carriages. Most of them forgot their dignity as they hurried across the White House grounds to the pavilion. Admiral Dewey, his courage facing convalescence from the grip, had his cloak over his head. Members of the Cabinet, who carried themselves so correctly and held their hats at just the right angle in the solemnity of the Senate Chamber, were now become plain mankind trying "to get in out of the wet."

Meanwhile, the procession had been standing still waiting until the President should appear on his stand. Its head needed no signal to advance except the cheer which went up when the people saw the President. That cheer was by no means the "thunderous shout" or the "mighty roar of the billows of a human sea," as the oral platitudes of multitudes are sometimes characterized. It represented the honest attempt of bedraggled men and women chilled to the core—five dollars for front seats, three for those in the rear—who felt that it was their duty to see the parade and to be enthusiastic after they had waited for so many hours. In a few minutes they warmed up to real enthusiasm and their plaudits ceased to be formal as the rain stopped, and the umbrellas were blissfully closed.

If the authorities placed General Francis V. Greene at the head of the parade because he could look splendid their choice was certainly well made. He carried himself, his glory, his epaulets and his baton with the mien of a Constantine. I have never seen a drum-major who was more gorgeous. Assuredly, no general ever had a staff as large as he. It seemed that most of the young men in the United States who had a horse and a uniform were in it as colonels or lieutenant-colonels. The gold lace of the Ambassadors paled beside theirs. In one sense the rain was kind to them, as it was to some of the Governors and to other civilians on horseback. If the sun had been shining the horses' spirits would have been high and they would have reared and danced. After being in the rain all the morning they were as easy to ride as rocking-horses.

MILITARY HEROES OF THE DAY

After all, not the crack city troops, not the cadets, but the brown and humble Porto Ricans in plain uniform of U.S.A., were the heroes of the procession. For them the President had his best smile, which went forth to greet them when they were within two hundred yards of the stand. For the first and only time I saw him clapping his hands as hard as he could. Of course, Roosevelt joined him.

It was noticeable that every regular (in the language of the barracks), was roundly cheered. That is the result of the teachings of the Spanish war. Apparently "tabasco" sauce has in nowise injured the popularity of the West Pointers. They and the Annapolis men were naturally the finest-appearing and best-marching organizations that passed. For yellow busbies will not take the place of discipline and drill. Though they had been standing all day in the rain, there was not a wrinkle in the cadets' trousers, which looked as if they had been pressed no further back than the Treasury Building. The parts of a line were as rigid as the ribs on a backbone. Their steps were so concerted as to suggest that their legs belonged to a set piece operated by electricity instead of to so many different human beings. A taut string would have touched every bayonet. They alone did not permit themselves a glimpse of the President out of the corner of their eyes. Except by the cheers, they had no reason to know that there were spectators on either side of the street.

"I suppose all the other people in the parade are clean,"

said the lady beside me, "but they don't look clean beside the cadets. How do they ever manage to march that way? I can't understand it."

"Tabasco sauce," replied a retired army officer. "I suppose you observe that all these young men have had their strength hazed out of them. They are mere hopeless nervous wrecks detached from their mothers' apron-strings."

JACKIES OUT FOR A LARK

The cheers were a sufficient answer to the braying of the ass in Congress who called the cadets dogs. And I think that the hearts of the crowd were, perhaps, a little more with the sailors than with the soldiers, simply because of their more boyish appearance. Yet, I am not so sure of that. The jackies from the *Dixie*, who marched very well for jackies, were lionized. There is something about the seaman's roll and his trousers tight and loose where they ought not to be (from a landsman's viewpoint), as well as his cheerful manner under all circumstances, whether on the sea or on shore, which wins the heart of the multitude. Personally, whenever there is a parade of jackies I want to see it.

Pennsylvania had the largest number of troops in line, and came nearer than any other State except Ohio to owning Washington. Its men were half an hour in passing. Governor Stone riding at their head. To the foreigner the most striking feature of the parade was the presence of the Governors in civilian attire on horseback. If they had been in carriages they would have been commonplace; but mounted, they were unmistakably as fine as they were American. Everybody was surprised to see how well they rode, and nothing could prove as well as this parade that the love of horsemanship is still strong in our country.

The eyes of the audience continually shifted between the paraders and the occupants of the President's stand. There was always the division of interest that there is when a tête-à-tête is going on on either side of the stage. Adjutant-General Corbin preceded the arrival of the President, as he did on the platform on the east front of the Capitol. With a sash of gold three inches broad across his breast, he was the major-domo of the inauguration. Nobody could escape him however much he tried. As became a major-domo, he dropped into the background when the President appeared.

GREAT MEN MUCH IN EVIDENCE

In the order of their rank the four great men who reviewed the procession were the President, the Vice-President, Admiral Dewey and Lieutenant-General Miles. No one will deny, I think, that the Admiral and the General in their gold braid are handsome, and that it does not follow that this is true of all admirals and generals. We may not soon again have four men who were so completely, in their physical characteristics, equal to the part which they were playing in this function.

How illy in physique the misshapen King of Italy becomes the position of king! Even King Edward VII., with his pudgy figure, is anything but a ruler in appearance. What a wreck of a human being in face and physique the hero Disraeli or the hero Blaine was in the last days of his power! McKinley, Roosevelt, Dewey, and Miles were as fine in their places for the purposes of outward show as the colossal Alexander III., with his great beard, was as the Czar of Russia. And that sort of thing counts in a parade.

Generally the Vice-Presidential note is a minor one. It was not so this time. It is hard for spectacular purposes for any President to have Roosevelt as a Vice-President. Roosevelt was as dominant in the parade as he was in the Senate Chamber. There is something about the man which is "catching," as the lady beside me remarked. And the President's smile, which overcomes all, which met Admiral Dewey when he returned in triumph from the Philippines, now makes itself the gratified planet of another hero's solar system.

A PHANTOM FROM GETTYSBURG

While the parade was in progress, for two or three minutes everybody forgot the marchers and the President and bent his gaze upon a figure in the uniform of a major-general which was hugging the wall of the reviewing stand on its way to the approach. The human interest in him was that he had only one leg. Slowly and stolidly he passed on his crutches. A few recognized him and quickly the word was passed along.

This was General Daniel Sickles, the victim of a shell at Gettysburg. It seemed as if he had appeared at this time of pompous celebration of the victories of the Spanish War to remind the beholders that there were veterans who, though their hairs were white, had indeed fought in battles lasting more than an hour and in a war lasting more than one summer. The heart of the multitude was with General Sickles and what he stood for. If it had been known that he would have understood it would have cheered with one throat. When he had arduously made his way up to the reviewing stand he was the hero of the moment. Dewey and Miles and the President himself (all veterans of the great war) lived again in the days of '61 and '65. They forgot all about the passing militia as they shook Sickles' hand. For the remainder of the parade he stood in the front row of celebrities.

From the military viewpoint, the greatest regret to one who has seen our men fighting in China and the Philippines was that there was not a single khaki uniform, so far as I saw, among the 25,000 troops. I could not overcome the feeling of being satiated with the superficial gorgeousness of the chorus and the bandmaster. Khaki is the business garb of our troops, and I wanted to see something of it, because we are a business-like and a democratic people, who know that the weakness of the "gyards," as they call them in England, is finery, and that finery is their sole poor virtue—witness South Africa.

When we come to put on airs or fine uniforms, we cannot approach London, Berlin or Vienna; when we are workman-like, London, Berlin or Vienna cannot approach us, as the record of the American troops in China proves. Therefore, I hope we shall continue to be niggardly of our gold braid.

NO FUSS AND FEATHERS AT THE BALL

I should be dismissed as ignorant of etiquette if I completed my article without some mention of the Inaugural Ball. It may well be called the fifth great feature of the inauguration. Bridal couples will hand the memory of it on to future generations. It is par excellence the most gorgeous social institution of a democratic nation. You may see there the simple gown of a country girl, who has saved her pennies and made great sacrifices in order that she might attend, beside the finest production of Paris.

The Pension Building was nominally built as offices for the Pension Bureau; but I cannot escape the idea that it was really built for the Inaugural Ball. There is no ballroom anywhere in the world which is its equal in floor space or in possibilities of decoration. It belongs to the people of the United States. Any one can attend the ball who pays five dollars for a ticket. He need not even have the price of a cab fare. He can go in a trolley and a sack-coat, if he pleases. The bride and groom at my table in the hotel talked about it for a week. I heard her say in the corridor:

"I wouldn't have missed it for anything. But I don't want to go again. Once is enough. Heavens, what a crush! I thought we would never, never get in; and then I thought we would never, never get out; and then never, never get our carriage. But understand, I wouldn't have missed it for anything!"

For few comparatively dance at the Inaugural Ball.

When I passed the White House on leaving Washington three campaign clubs were inside the grounds with a band playing as hard as it could. They had come to meet the President, and they met him. He smiled.



THE ETERNAL CITY

By HALL CAINE Author of "The Decmster," "The Manxman," "The Christian," Etc., Etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

David Leone, a little Italian street musician, is taken in and brought up by an exiled compatriot, Prince Volanna, living in London under an assumed name. Twenty years later the Prince's daughter, Roma, is seen as a sculptor in Rome, where her beauty, extravagance, and supposed illicit connection with Baron Bonuino, Italy's autocratic Prime Minister, are the talk of the gossips. An insinuation of this kind is made in a speech by one David Rossi, an anarchist politician, whom Donna Roma resolves to punish for the offence. Charles Minghetti, a discredited member of the Italian Embassy in London, comes to Rossi, alleging himself deputed by London anarchists to propose the assassination of Baron Bonuino. But the politician indignantly repudiates violent methods. Donna Roma now personally visits him, clears her character in his sight, and by way of making amends he agrees to have his face carved by her into a new public fountain. During the first two sittings the evocations of old London memories and Rossi's manly behavior cause Donna Roma to waver in her schemes of vengeance. She writes a note to Baron Bonuino, expressing distrust of Minghetti, and asking that Rossi be left to her alone.

IV

THE LITTLE PRINCESS called for Roma the following night, and they drove to the opera in her magnificent English carriage. Already the theatre was full and the orchestra was tuning up. With the movement of people arriving, and recognizing each other, there was an electrical atmosphere which affected everybody. Don Camillo came oiled and perfumed, and when he had removed the cloaks of the ladies and they took their places in the front of the box there was a slight tingling all over the house. This pleased the little princess immensely, and she began to sweep the place with her opera glass. "Crowded already!" she said. "And every face looking up at my box! That's what it is to have for your companion the most beautiful and the most envied girl in Rome. What a sensation! Nothing to what it will be though when your illustrious friend arrives."

At that moment David Rossi appeared at the back, and the princess welcomed him effusively. "So glad! So honored! Gee-gee!"

Roma looked at him—he had an air of distinction in a dress coat such as comes to one man in a thousand. He looked at Roma—she wore a white gown with violets on one shoulder and two rows of pearls about her beautiful white throat. The princess looked at both of them and her little eyes twinkled. "Never been here before, Mr. Rossi? Then you must allow me to explain everything. Take this chair between Roma and myself. No, you must not sit back. You can't mind observation—so used to it, you know."

Without further ado David Rossi took his place in front of the box, and then a faint commotion passed over the house. There were looks of surprise and whispered comments, and even some trills of laughter.

He bore it without flinching, as if he had come for it and expected it, and was taking it as a penance for a fault.

Roma dropped her head and felt ashamed, but the little princess went on talking. "These long boxes on each side

of the stage are called Baracca. The one on the left is kept for officers, you see, and the one on the right for gentlemen of society without ladies. These boxes on the first tier are occupied by Roman society generally, those on the second tier mainly by the diplomatic corps, and the stalls are filled by all sorts and conditions of people—political people, literary people, even tradespeople if they're rich enough or can pretend to be."

"And the upper circles?" asked Rossi. "Oh," in a tired voice, "professorial people, I think—College Romano and University of Rome, you know."

"And the gallery?"

"Students, I suppose." Then eagerly, after bowing to somebody below, "Gee-Gee, there's Loo-loo! Don't forget to ask him to supper. . . . All the beautiful young men of Rome are here to-night, Mr. Rossi, and presently they'll pay a round of calls on the ladies in the boxes."

Again the princess bowed to somebody below, and said in a lively voice, "Roma, there's Count Coriolanus. . . . We call him the first sword of Italy, Mr. Rossi. He has fought thirty-three duels, and as that is exactly the number of the years of our Lord . . ."

The voice of the princess was suddenly drowned by the sharp tap of the conductor, followed by the opening blast of the overture. Then the lights went down and the curtain rose, but still the audience kept up a constant movement in the lower regions of the house, and there was an almost unbroken chatter. Only at certain moments was there a short hush, and then the low hum of gossip began again. . . .

The curtain fell on the first act without anybody knowing what the opera had been about, except that Samson loved a woman named Delilah, and the lords of the Philistines were tempting her to betray him. Students in the gallery, recognizable by their thin beards, shouted across at each other for the joy of shouting, and spoke by gestures to their professors below. People all over the house talked gaily on social subjects, and there was much opening and shutting of the doors of boxes. The beautiful young man called Loo-loo came to pay his respects to the princess, and there was a good deal of gossip and laughter.

Meantime David Rossi sat silent, and at length Roma spoke to him.

"I'm afraid you think our audiences very ill-mannered," she said.

"The humblest audience in Trastevere, Whitechapel or the Bowery would behave better," he answered.

And then Don Camillo bit his lip and said:

"Excellent idea to make Samson the hero of an opera! Exactly in the spirit of the times, you know! Everything has to be on a large scale nowadays—nations, empires, wars, everything! The Pope himself knew that when he dreamed of the Holy Roman Empire, and if you are only starting a penny tonline that must be big too. It must be international, you know; it must take the name of humanity, and its creed and charter must be a sort of world-political testament. Oh, it would be quite unfashionable not to be afflicted with megalomania in these days, and I only hope," with a look at the little princess, "that the craze for big things will mercifully stop before it affects us with big women."

But the effect of the speech was a little spoiled by an incident which created more sensation than the opera. This was the arrival of the Prime Minister, whose appearance provoked some applause, which was succeeded by further glances at the princess's box and even some audible tittering.

The second act was more dramatic than the first, showing Samson in his character as a warrior, and when the curtain came down again General Morra, the Minister of War, visited the princess's box.

"So you're taking lessons in the art of war from the professor who slew an army with the jaw-bone of an ass?" said Don Camillo.

"Wish we could enlist a few thousands of him—jaw-bones as well," said the general. "The gentleman might be worth having at the War Office, if it was only as a Jettatura."

"But I thought you had evil eyes enough at Monte Citorio, judging by the storm of newspapers always beating down on you. Aren't they telling you that your militarism will destroy

itself by its own strength, as our friend Samson is going to do presently?"

"Militarism is not the only thing that is to come to an end, it seems," said the general.

"Oh, no! In the millennium that is coming there are to be no operas, no arts, no balls, no—anything! These millenniums are merciless—they leave us nothing nowadays but some acres in Arcadia and a cow."

"Don't let us think of it," laughed the princess. "The Roman soul shudders at the prospect. I'm going to buy a big candle for the Madonna at St. Augustino's and ask her to protect us."

"Sleep well! These days will pass," said the general, rising. And then in a low voice to the princess, with a glance at Roma, "Your beautiful young friend doesn't look so well to-night."

The princess shrugged her shoulders. "Of the pains of love one suffers but does not die," she whispered.

"You surely cannot mean . . ."

The princess put the tip of her fan to her lips and laughed.

David Rossi spoke little, and as often as Roma looked at him the natural buoyancy of her nature sank under a sense of shame. He was going through this penance for her sake. He could crush these butterflies in the palm of his hand, yet he was submitting in silence to their innuendoes.

Roma was conscious of a strange conflict of feelings. The triumph she had promised herself by David Rossi's presence with her in public—the triumph over the envious ones who would have rejoiced in her downfall—brought her no pleasure.

The third act dealt with the allurements of Delilah, and was received with a good deal of laughter.

"Ah, these sweet, round, soft things—they can do anything they like with the giants," said Don Camillo. "Talk of woman being unrecognized by the laws—she makes them! And in the lists of Ministers of every civilized state women's names ought to be everywhere, Minister of the Interior—Donna Delilah. Minister of Finance . . ."

"Gee-Gee!" protested the princess, but she was choking with laughter.

The Baron came round at the end of the act, wearing a sash diagonally across the breast, with crosses, stars, and other decorations. He bowed to David Rossi, with ceremonious politeness, greeted Don Camillo familiarly, kissed the hand of the princess, and offered his arm to Roma to take her into the corridor to cool—she was flushed and overheated.

"I see you are going on, my child! Excellent idea to bring him here! Everybody is saying you cannot be the person he intended, so his trumpet has brayed to no purpose."

"You received my letters?" she said in a faltering voice.

"Yes, but don't be uneasy. I'm neither the prophet nor the son of a prophet if we are not on the right track. What a fortunate thought about the man Minghetti! An inspiration! You asked what his fault was in London—forgery, my dear!"

"That's serious enough, isn't it?"

"In a Secretary of Legation, yes, but in a police agent . . ."

He laughed significantly, and she felt her skin creep.

"Has he found out anything?" she asked.

"Not yet, but he is clearly on the trace of great things. It is nearly certain that your King David is a person wanted by the law."

Her hand twitched at his arm, but they were turning at the end of the corridor and she pretended to trip over her train.

"Some clews missing still, however, and to find them we are sending Minghetti to London."

"London? Anything connected with my father?"

"Possibly! We shall see. But there's the orchestra and here's your box! You're wonderful, my dear! Already you've undone the mischief he did you, and one half of your task is accomplished. Diplomats! Pshaw! We'll all have to go to school to a girl! Adieu!"

All through the next act Roma seemed to feel a sting on her hand where the Baron had kissed it, and she was conscious of coloring up when the princess said:

"Everybody is looking this way, my dear! See what it is to be the most talked of girl in Rome!"

And then she felt David Rossi's hand on the back of her chair, and heard his soft voice saying:

"The light is in your eyes, Donna Roma. Let me change places with you for a while."

After that everything passed in a kind of confusion. She heard somebody say:

"He's putting a good deal of heart into it, poor thing."

And somebody answered, "Yes, of broken heart apparently."

Then there was a crash and the opera was over, and she was going out in a crowd on David Rossi's arm, and feeling as if she would fall if she dropped it.

The magnificent English carriage drew up under the portico and all four of them got into it.

"Grand Hotel!" cried Don Camillo. Then dropping back to his place he laughed and chanted:

"And the dead he slew at his death were more than he slew in his life . . . and he judged Israel twenty years."

V

A MARSHY air from the Campagna covered the city as with a fog, and pierced through the closed windows of the carriage; but there was warmth and glow in the Grand Hotel. Passing through an outer room under a glass roof where men (and some women) sat smoking cigarettes and sipping coffee, the company came to an inner restaurant, decorated in white and gold, and blazing with electric lights and many mirrors. About little round tables small groups were already gathered, and fresh parties were constantly arriving.

One woman after another came in clothed in diamonds under the fur cloak which hung over her bare arms and shoulders, until the room was a dazzling blaze of jewels. As each party entered their names were whispered by those who were already seated, and the newcomers carried themselves with the air of persons conscious of observation.

People caught each other's eyes through lorgnettes and eye-glasses, and there were constant salutations. The men chattered, the women laughed, and there was an affectation of baby-talk at nearly every table. Then supper was served, glasses were held up as signals, and bright eyes began to play about the room, until the atmosphere was tingling with electric currents and heated by human passion.

Roma sat facing the princess. She was still confused and preoccupied, but when rallied for her silence she brightened up for a moment and tried to look buoyant and happy. David Rossi, who was at her left, was still quiet and collected, but bore the same air as before of a man going through a penance.

This was observed by Don Camillo, who sat on the right of the princess, and led to various little scenes.

"Very good company here, Mr. Rossi. Always sure of seeing some beautiful young women," said Don Camillo.

"And beautiful young men, apparently," said David Rossi. The beautiful young man called "Loo-loo" was there, and reaching over to Don Camillo, and speaking in a whisper between the puff of a cigarette and a sip of coffee, he said:

"Why doesn't the Minister buy the man up? Easy enough to buy the press these days."

"He's doing better than that," said Don Camillo. "He's drawing him from opposition by the allurements of . . ."

"Office?"

"No, the lady," whispered Don Camillo, but Roma heard him.

She was ashamed. The innuendoes which belittled David Rossi were belittling herself as well, and she wanted to get up and fly.

Rossi himself seemed to be unconscious of anything hurtful. Although silent, he was calm and cheerful, and his manner was natural and polite. The wife of one of the king's aides-de-camp sat next to him, and talked constantly of the king. The king liked a ride every morning, and one member of the Court had to be ready to go out with him at ten o'clock. That was her husband's work, and he was on duty two weeks in every two months.

Roma found herself listening to every word that was said to David Rossi, but she also heard a conversation that was going on at the other end of the table.

"Wants to be another Cola di Rienzi, doesn't he?" said "Loo-loo."

"Another Christ," said Don Camillo. "He'll be asking for a crown of thorns by and by, and calling on the world to immolate him for the sake of humanity. Look! He's talking to the little Baroness, but he is fifteen thousand miles above the clouds at this moment."

"Where does he come from, I wonder?" said "Loo-loo,"



SHE WORE A WHITE GOWN WITH . . . PEARLS ABOUT HER BEAUTIFUL WHITE THROAT

and then the two hands of Don Camillo played the invisible accordion.

"Madame de Trop says his father was Master of the Casa to Prince Petrolium—vice-prince, you know, and brought up in the little palace," said the princess.

"Don't believe a word of it," said Don Camillo, "and I'll wager he never supped at a decent hotel before."

"I'll ask him! Listen now! Some fun," said the princess.

"Honorable Rossi!"

"Yes, princess," said David Rossi.

The eyes of the little princess swept the table with a sparkling light.

"Beautiful room, isn't it?"

"Beautiful."

"Never been here before, I suppose?"

David Rossi looked steadfastly into her eyes, and answered, "Oh, yes, princess. When I returned to Italy eight years ago I was a waiter in this house for a month."

The sparkling face of the little princess broke up like a snowball in the sun, and the two other men dropped their heads.

Roma hardly knew what her own feelings were. Humiliation, shame, confusion, but above all, pride—pride in David Rossi's courage and strength.

The white mist from the Campagna pierced to the bone as they came out by the glass-covered hall, and an old woman with an earthenware scaldino, crouching by the marble pillars in the street, held out a chill, damp hand and cried:

"A penny for God's sake! May I die unconfessed if I've eaten anything since yesterday. . . . God bless you, my daughter! And the Holy Virgin and all the Saints!"

The streets were silent, and the noise of the carriage wheels echoed between the high walls. It was late, and the electric lights of the Via Nazionale were hopping out one by one, leaving a tunnel of darkness, broken by gas-lamps which burned yellow in the marshy gloom, like in a brooch of jet.

At the door of her house Roma parted from the princess, and said to Rossi, as the carriage drove away, "Come early to-morrow. I've not yet been able to work properly somehow."

She was restless and feverish, and she would have gone to bed immediately, but crossing the drawing-room she heard the

restful voice of her aunt saying, "Is that you, Roma?" and she had no choice but to go into the Countess's bedroom.

A red lamp burned before the shrine, and the old lady was in an embroidered night-dress, but she was wide awake, and her eyes flashed and her lips trembled.

"Ah, it's you at last! Sit down. I want to speak to you, Nattalina!" cried the Countess. "Oh, dear me, the girl has gone to bed. Give me the cognac. There it is—on the dressing-table."

She sipped the brandy, fidgeted with her cambric handkerchief, and said:

"Roma, I'm surprised at you! You hadn't used to be so stupid! How? Don't you see what that woman is doing? What woman? The princess, of course. Inviting you to share her box at the opera so that you may be seen in public with that man. She hates him like poison, but she would swallow anything to throw you and this Rossi together. Do you expect the Baron to approve of that? His enemy, and you on such terms with the man? Here, take back this cognac. I feel as if I would choke. Nattalina . . ."

"You're quite mistaken, Aunt Betsy," said Roma. "The Baron was at the opera and came into the box himself, and he approved of everything."

"Tut! Don't tell me! Because he has some respect for himself and keeps his own counsel you are simple enough to think he will not be offended. But I know him. I've known him all my life. Even when he was a boy nobody could ever make him cry. He was too proud to admit that any one could hurt him. It's just the same now, and whatever you do to humble him he will never allow himself to see it. But I see it, and say it is ungrateful and indecent."

The old lady's voice was dying down to a choking whisper, but she went on without a pause:

"If you've no thought for yourself you might have some for me. You are young, and anything may come to you, but I'm old and I'm tied down to this mattress, and what is to happen if the Baron takes offence? The income he allows us from your father's estates is under his own control still. He can cut it off at any moment, and if he does what is to become of me?"

Roma's bosom was swelling under her heavy breathing, her heart was beating violently, and her head was dizzy. All the bitterness of the evening was boiling in her throat, and it burst out at length in a flood.

"So that is all your moral protestations come to, is it?" she said. "Because the Baron is necessary to you and you cannot exist without him, you expect me to buy and sell myself according to your necessities."

"Roma! What are you saying? Aren't you ashamed . . ."

"Aren't you ashamed? You've been trying to throw me into the arms of the Baron, and you haven't cared what would happen so long as I kept up appearances."

"You ungrateful girl!"

"You've done your best to break down every feeling of right and wrong, and to make me think position and power and wealth and rank are everything, no matter what price you pay for them, and if anybody threatens them we are to fight for them as dogs fight for a bone."

"Oh dear! I see what it is—you want to be the death of me! You will, too, before you've done. Nattalina! Where is . . ."

"More than that, you've poisoned my mind against my father, and because I couldn't remember him, you've brought me up to think of him as selfish and vain and indifferent to his own daughter. But my father wasn't that kind of man at all."

"Who told you that, miss?"

"Never mind who told me. My father was a saint and a martyr, and a great, great man, and he loved me with all his heart and soul."

"Oh, my head! My poor head! . . . A martyr indeed! A socialist, a republican, a rebel, and an anarchist, you mean!"

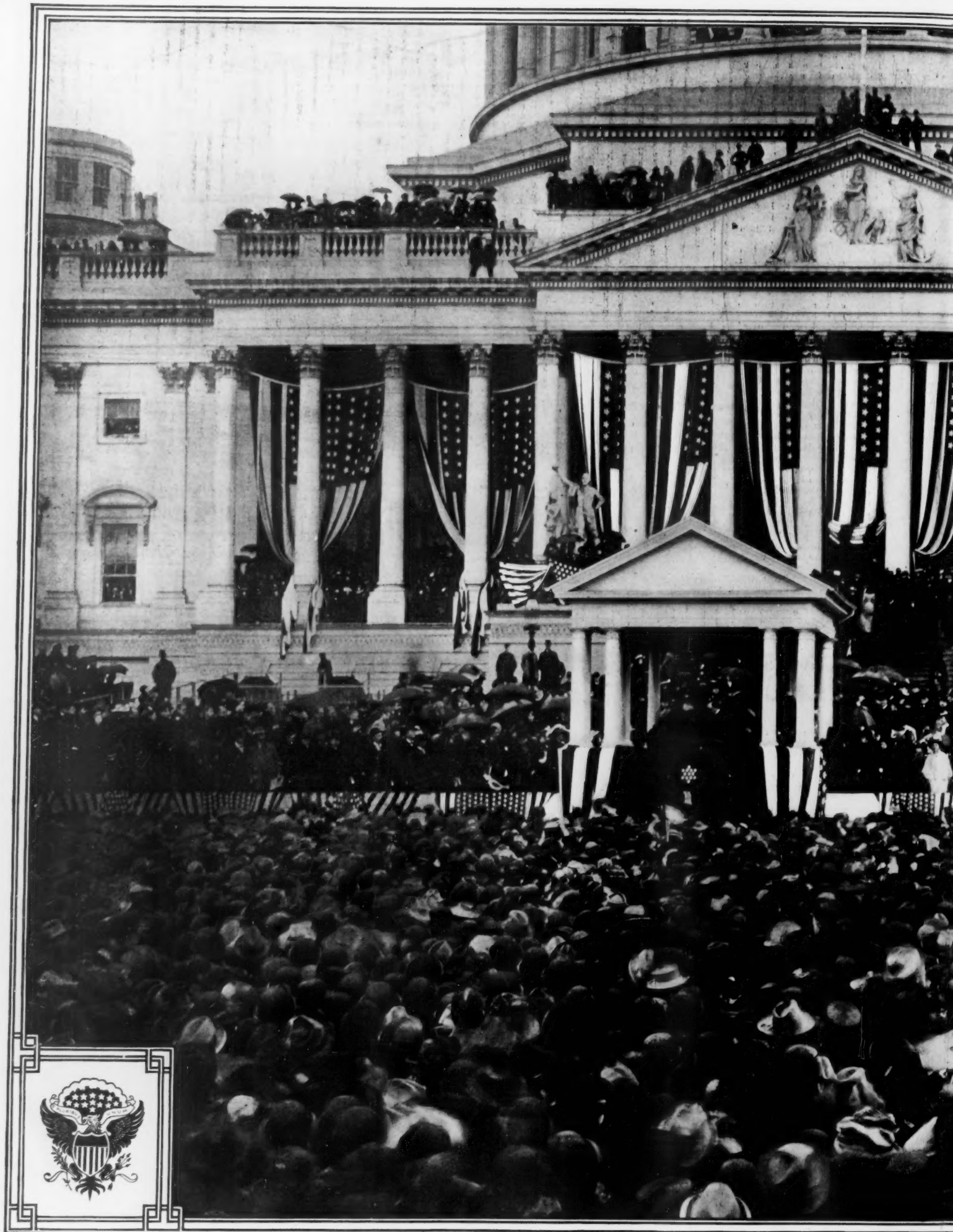
"Never mind what his politics were. He was my father—that is enough—and you had no right to make me think ill of him, whatever the world might do."

Roma was superb at that moment, with her head thrown back, her eyes flaming, and her magnificent figure swelling and heaving under her clinging gown.

"You'll kill me, I tell you. The cognac. . . . Nattalina . . ."

cried the Countess, but Roma was gone.

Before going to bed Roma wrote to the Baron—



"I, WILLIAM McKINLEY, DO SOLEMNLY SWEAR THAT I WILL FAITHFULLY EXECUTE THE OFFICE OF PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, AND WILL, TO THE BEST OF MY ABILITY, PRESERVE, PROTECT AND DEFEND THE CONSTITUTION."

PICTURE BY JAMES H. HARE, "THE SWEARING IN OF PRESIDENT McKINLEY,"
WEEKLY, SHOWING PRESIDENT McKINLEY
ADMINISTERED BY CHIEF-JUSTICE



... FAITHFULLY EXECUTE THE OFFICE OF PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED
... PROTECT AND DEFEND THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES''

... ES H. HARE, STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER FOR COLLIER'S
... G PRESIDENT McKinley TAKING THE OATH OF OFFICE,
... CHIEF-JUSTICE FULLER, DURING A DOWNPOUR OF RAIN



THE ETERNAL CITY



"Certain you are wrong. Why waste time sending Charles Minghetti to London? Why? Why? Why? The forger will find out nothing, and if he does it will only be by exercise of his Israelitish art of making bricks without straw. Stop him at once if you wish to save public money and spare yourself personal disappointment. Stop him! Stop him! Stop him!"

"P.S.—To show you how far astray your man has gone—D. R. mentioned to-night that he was once a waiter at the Grand Hotel!"

VI

NEXT MORNING David Rossi arrived early. "Now we must get to work in earnest," said Roma. "I think I see my way at last."

It was not John, the beloved disciple, John who lay in the bosom of his Lord. It was Peter, the devoted, individual, stalwart, brave, human, erring but glorious Peter. "Thou art Peter, and on this rock I build my church."

"Same position as before. Eyes the other way. Thank you!" . . . Afraid you didn't enjoy yourself last night—no? "At the theatre? I was interested. But the human spectacle was perhaps more to me than the artistic one."

"You were thinking of the audience?"

"Yes. If Italy is not content to be a simple museum of curiosities, a school of singers and dancers, the *cavaliers servans* of Europe, hanging on to the skirts of the other nations, she must awake from some of her illusions. Neither great armies nor great art will end the confusion and disorder of a country in which the governing classes make merry while the poor groan for bread. It must first reform its moral essence—it will too, as sure as man is on earth and God is in heaven. But I am no artist, you see. . . . How did you become a sculptor?"

"Oh, I studied a little in the studios of Paris, where I went to school, you see."

"But you were born in London?"

"Yes."

"Why did you come to Rome?"

"Rome was the home of my people, you know. And then there was my name—Roma!"

"I knew a Roma long ago."

"Really? Another Roma?"

There was a tremor in her voice.

"It was the little daughter of the friend I've spoken about."

"How interest . . . No, at the window, please—that will do."

Roma was choking with a sense of duplicity, but save for a turn of the head David Rossi gave no sign.

"She was only seven when I saw her last."

"That was long ago, you say?"

"Seventeen years ago."

"Then she will be the same age as . . ."

"The first time I saw her she was only three, and she was in her night-dress ready for bed."

Roma laughed a little, but she knew that every note in her voice was confused and false.

"She said her prayers with a little lisp at that time. 'Our Father go art in heben, alud is my name.'"

He laughed a little now, as he mimicked the baby voice.

They laughed together, then they looked at each other, and then with serious eyes they turned away.

"You'll think it strange, but I date my first conscious and definite aspiration to the memory of that hour."

"Really?"

"Ten years afterward when I was in America, looking for the message which was to redeem the world, the words of that prayer came back to me in Roma's little lisp. 'By kingdom cum. Iy will be done on card as it is in heben.'"

"So she . . ."

"She is responsible for everything, and whatever I do and whatever the world does with me, she is the author of my work, the loadstar of my life."

He mimicked the baby voice and laughed again, but she could not join him now. This was the man she had set out to betray! She felt as if she had walked blindfold to the edge of a precipice, and then some one had torn the bandage from her eyes, and shown the abyss before her feet.

For some time after that she worked on without speaking, feeling feverish and restless. But just as the silence was becoming audible, and she could bear it no longer, Felice came to announce the lunch.

"You'll stay? I want so much to work on while I'm in the mood," she said.

"With pleasure," he replied.

She ate hardly at all, for she was troubled by many misgivings, and through the wall of the drawing-room the voice of her aunt was lacking the air constantly as she called and scolded the maid.

Did he know her? He did; he must do; every word, every tone seemed to tell her that. Then why did he not speak out plainly? Because having revealed himself to her he was waiting for her to reveal herself to him. And why had she not done so? Because she was enmeshed in the net of the society she lived in; because she was ashamed of the errand that had brought them together, and most of all because she had not dared to lay bare that secret of his life which, like an escaped convict, dragged behind it the broken chain of the prison-house.

David Leone is dead! To uncover, even to their own eyes only, the fact that lay hidden behind those words was like perambulating the priest and listening at the zinc grating of the confessional!

No matter! She must do it! She must reveal herself as her heart and instinct might direct. She must claim the parentage of the noblest soul that ever died for liberty, and David Rossi must trust his secret to the bond of blood which would make it impossible for her to betray the foster son of her own father.

Having come to this conclusion, the light seemed to break in her heavy sky, but the clouds were charged with electricity. As they returned to the studio she was excited and a little hysterical, for she thought the time was near. At that moment a regiment of soldiers was passing under the ilex

trees to the Pincio, with their band of music playing as they marched.

"Ah, the dear old days!" said David Rossi. "Everything reminds me of them! I remember that when she was six . . ."

"Roma?"

"Yes—a regiment of troops returned from a glorious campaign, and the doctor took it to see the illuminations and rejoicings. We came to a great piazza, almost as large as the piazza of St. Peter's, with fountains and a tall column in the middle of it."

"I know—Trafalgar Square!"

"Dense crowds covered the square, but we found a place on the steps of a church."

"I remember—St. Martin's Church. You see, I know London."

"The soldiers came in by the big railway station close by . . ."

"Claring Cross, isn't it?"

"And they marched to the tune of the 'Grenadier Guards,' and the thunder of fifty thousand throats. And as their general rode past a beacon of electric lights in the centre of the square blazed out like an aureole about the statue of a great Englishman who had died long ago for the cause which had then conquered."

"Gordon!" she cried—she was losing herself every moment.

"Look, darling!" said the doctor to little Roma. And Roma said, "Papa, is it God? I was a tall boy then, and stood beside him. 'She'll never forget that, David,' he said."

"And she didn't . . . she couldn't . . . I mean . . . Have you ever told me what became of her?"

She would reveal herself in a moment—only a moment—after all, it was delicious to play with this sweet duplicity.

"Have you?" she said in a tremulous voice.

His head was down. "Dead!" he answered, and the tool dropped out of her hand on to the floor.

"I was five years in America after the police expelled me from London, and when I returned to England I went back to the little shop in Soho."

She was staring at him and holding her breath. He was looking out of the window.

"The same people were there, and their own daughter was a grown-up girl, but Roma was gone."

She could hear the breath in her nostrils.

"They told me she had been missing for a week, and then . . . her body had been found in the river."

She felt like one struck dumb.

"The man took me to the grave. It was the grave of her mother in Kensal Green, and under her mother's name I read her own inscription—'Sacred to the memory of Roma Roselli, found drowned in the Thames, aged twelve years.'"

The warm blood which had tingled through her veins was suddenly frozen with horror.

"Not to day," she thought, and at that moment a faint sound of the band on the Pincio came floating in by the open window.

"I must go," said David Rossi, rising.

Then she recovered herself and began to talk on other subjects. When would he come again? He could not say. The parliamentary session opened soon. He would be very busy. But he would let her know and perhaps . . .

She was holding out her hand and looking at him with a nervous smile. Their hands clasped. She was conscious of an answering pressure. The bells of St. Peter's rang the Ave Maria, but they made less clamor in the crimsoning air than the clamor in their hearts at that moment.

When David Rossi was gone Roma went upstairs, and Natalina met her carrying two letters. One of them was going to the post—it was from the Countess to the Baron. The other was from the Baron to herself.

Down the long terrace under the convent wall carriages were returning from the Pincio through a mass of people on foot—ladies, gentlemen, children, and wet nurses in bright garments, with great pins in their coal-black hair. Roma was in the boudoir reading her letter—

"MY DEAREST ROMA—A thousand thanks for the valuable clew about the Grand Hotel. Already we have followed up your lead, and we find that the only David Rossi who was ever a waiter there gave as reference the name of an Italian baker in Soho. Minghetti has gone to London, and I am sending him this further information. Already he is fishing in strange waters, and I am sure you are dying to know if he has caught anything. So am I, but we must possess our souls in patience. Your enemy is lying low these days, so your wand must be over him already. It is the way with these impetuous gentry, these makers of revolution—always ready to take a sleeping draught at the hands of a lovely woman. King David? Yes, David and Solomon, father and son, rolled into one! Who was his father, I wonder? We shall soon know."

"But, my dearest Roma, what is happening to your handwriting? It is so nervous nowadays that I can scarcely decipher some of it. With love.—B."

VII

"DEAR GUARDIAN—But I'm not, I'm not! I'm not in the least anxious to hear of what Mr. Minghetti is doing in London, because I know he is doing nothing, and whatever he says, either through his own mouth or the mouth of his Italian bakers in Soho, I shall never believe a word he utters. As to Mr. Rossi, I am now perfectly sure that he does not identify me at all. He believes my father's daughter is dead, and he has just been telling me a shocking story of how the body of a young girl was picked out of the Thames (about the time you took me away from London) and buried in the name of Roma Roselli. He actually saw the grave and the tombstone! Some scoundrel has been at work somewhere. Who is it, I wonder? Yours, R. V."

Having written this letter in the heat and haste of the first moment after David Rossi's departure, she gave it to Bruno to post immediately.

"Just so!" said Bruno to himself, as he glanced at the superscription.

Next morning she dressed carefully, as if expecting David Rossi as usual, but when he did not come she told herself she was glad of it. Things had happened too hurriedly, she wanted time to breathe and to think.

All day long she worked on the bust. It was a new delight to model by memory, to remember an expression and then try to reproduce it. The greatest difficulty lay in the limitation of her beautiful art. There were so many memories, so many expressions, and the clay would take but one of them.

The next day after that she dressed herself as carefully as before, but still David Rossi did not come. No matter! It would give her time to think of all he had said, to go over his words and stories. There were the stories of her father, of her mother, of his own boyhood, and (most intimate of all) the stories of herself. How dangerously near to the brink of revelation they had come sometimes! How suddenly he had turned to her as he said *this*, and when he said *that* how he looked at her and smiled!

Did he know her? Certainly he knew her! He must have known from the first that she was her father's daughter, or he would never have put himself in her power. His belief in her was such a sweet thing. It was delicious.

Yet no! After all, he did not know her. He thought Roma Roselli was dead. Why, then, did he trust her with his life's secret? She knew why—she thought she knew! It was because—from the moment they met—at the first look into her eyes . . .

But she dare not think of that! It was a sweeter thing still. It was still more delicious.

Next day also David Rossi did not come, and she began to torture herself with misgivings. Was he indifferent? Had all her day-dreams been delusions? Little as she wished to speak to Bruno she was compelled to do so.

Bruno hardly lifted his eyes from his chisel and soft iron hammer. "Parliament is to meet soon," he said. "And when a man is leader of a party he has enough to do, you know."

"Ask him to come to-morrow. Say I wish for one more sitting—only one."

"I'll tell him," said Bruno, with a bob of his head over the block of marble.

But David Rossi did not come the next day either, and Bruno had no better explanation.

"Busy with his new 'Republic' now, and no time to waste, I can tell you."

Bruno's brusqueness did not hurt her, for she had begun to justify David Rossi's absence to her own mind. Why *should* he come? He had his work to do, and it was a great work for humanity, while she was only a trifler, an idler, a dilettante.

"His thoughts are far away from me," she told herself.

The creeping misery of this idea deepened to distress when three days more had passed and still David Rossi had not appeared. It was now clear that he was avoiding her. The atmosphere in which she lived was hateful to him, and he could not bear it.

"He will never come again," she thought, and then everything around and within her grew dark and chill.

She was sleeping badly, and to tire herself at night she went out to walk in the moonlight along the path under the convent wall. She walked as far as to the Pincio gates, where the path broadens to a circular space under a table of clipped ilexes, beneath which there is a fountain and a path going down to the piazza. The night was soft and very quiet, and standing in the deep shadows of the trees, with only the cruel stars shining through, and no sound in the air save the sobbing of the fountain, she heard a man's footstep on the gravel coming up below.

It was David Rossi. He passed within a few yards, yet he did not see her. She wanted to call to him, but she could not do so. For a moment he stood by the deep wall that overlooks the city, and then turned down the path which she had come by. A trembling thought that was afraid to take shape held her back and kept her silent, but the stars beat kind in an instant and the blood in her veins ran warm.

He watched him from where she stood, and then with a light foot she followed him at a distance.

It was true! He stopped at the parapet before the church, and looked up at her own windows. There was a light in one of them, and his eyes seemed to be steadfastly fixed on it. Then he turned to go down the steps. He went down slowly, sometimes stopping and looking up, then going on again. Once more she tried to call to him. "Mr. Rossi!" But her voice seemed to die in her throat. After a moment he was gone, the houses had hidden him, and the church clock was striking twelve.

When she returned to her bedroom and looked at herself in the glass her face was flushed and her eyes were sparkling. She did not want to sleep at all that night, for the beating of her heart was like music, and the moon and the stars were singing a song.

"If I could only be quite, quite sure!" she thought, and next morning she tackled Bruno.

Bruno was no match for her now, but he put down his shaggy head like a bull that is facing a stone fence.

"Tell you the honest truth, Donna Roma," he said, "Mr. Rossi is one of those who think that when a man has taken up a work for the world he is best if he has no ties of family."

"Really? Is that so?" she answered. "But I don't understand. He can't help having a wife, though, can he?"

"He can help having a wife, though," said Bruno, "and Mr. Rossi thinks a public man should be like a priest, giving up home and love and so forth, that others may have them more abundantly."

"So for that reason . . ."

"For that reason he doesn't throw himself in the way of temptation."

"And you think that's why . . ."

"I think that's why he keeps out of the way of women."

"Perhaps he doesn't care for them—some men don't, you know."

"Care for them! Mr. Rossi is one of the men who think pearls and diamonds of women, and if he had to be cast on a desert island with anybody he would rather have one woman than a hundred thousand men."

The dear old stupid! He had fallen into her trap already, and was telling her everything she wanted to know. But the spirit of falsehood was gleaming in her eyes, and she said demurely:

"Ah, yes, but perhaps there's no 'one woman' in the world for him yet, Bruno."

"Perhaps there is, perhaps there isn't," said Bruno, and his hammer fell on the chisel and the white sparks began to fly.

"You would soon see if there were, wouldn't you, Bruno?"

"Perhaps I would, perhaps I wouldn't," said Bruno, and then he wagged his wise head and growled, "In the battle of love he wins who flies."

"Does he say that, Bruno?"

"He does. One day our old woman was trying to coax him on a bit. 'A heart to share your joys and sorrows is something in this world,' says she."

"And what did Mr. Rossi say?"

"'A woman's love is the sweetest thing in the world,' he said. 'But if I found myself caring too much for anybody I should fly away.'"

"Did Mr. Rossi really say that, Bruno?"

"He did—upon my life he did!"

"So you think that now . . ."

"I think that now if I were a woman I should give up thinking of him, and leave him to himself."

"It's good of you to speak so frankly, Bruno."

"Well, it wasn't a nice thing to do, but I made up my mind to do it and it's done."

He had the air of a man who had achieved a moral victory, and Roma, whose eyes were dancing with delight, wanted to fall on his stupid, sulky face and kiss it.

Late that night she sat in the boudoir writing a letter. The lamp was on her left, and it cast the shadow of her head on to the blind of a window on her right. Sometimes she glanced at the shadow and laughed to think how unmistakable it must be to any one seeing it from the outside. Then her cheeks burned at the sense of her own foolishness and she returned to her letter.

But the letter was foolish too. When it was finished it had neither signature nor superscription, and was unfit for the hand of any human postman. "Come to me! Why don't you come? I have so much to say to you. I have a confession to make. It will be such a surprise! You think somebody is dead, but she isn't, she is alive, and very close to you. How am I to tell you? Should I play or sing something? 'Grenadier Guards' for example? Will you understand me by that, or am I to speak quite plainly? I must see you, and if you will not come to me I must go to you. Perhaps you don't want to come here any more. Let it be somewhere else then, somewhere outside the walls, somewhere in the country, where we can be alone for a while, you and I together. Isn't this a perfectly shocking letter? But won't you write me another one just as shocking? Do!"

She waited until the church clock struck twelve, and then went to bed. There she dropped her letter into the Dead Letter Office of Love—she put it under her pillow. And hearing the rustle of the paper as she was falling asleep, she thought, "I'll wake in the middle of the night and hear it, and then . . ."

It was very, very sweet, but it was very, very childish. Her cheeks burned up as before, and she covered up her head.

During the afternoon of the day following the Princess Bellini came in with Don Camillo. "Here's Gee-Gee!" she cried. "He comes to say there's a meet of the Fox-Hounds on the Campagna to-morrow. If you think you'd like to come I'll take you, and if you think Mr. Rossi will come too . . ."

"If he rides and has time to spare," said Roma.

"Precisely," said Don Camillo. "The worst of being a prophet is that it gives one so much trouble to agree with one's self, you know. Rumor says that our illustrious Deputy has been a little out of odor with his own people lately, and is now calling a meeting to tell the world what his 'Creed and Charter' doesn't mean. Still, a flight into the country might do no harm even to the stormy petrel of politics, and if any one could prevail with him . . ."

"Leave that to Roma, and see to everything else yourself," said the princess. "On the way to that tiresome tea-room in the Corso, my dear, 'Charity and Work,' you know. Committee for the protection of poor girls, or something. But we must see the old aunt first, I suppose. Come in, Gee-Gee!"

Three minutes afterward Roma was dressed for the street, and her dog was leaping and barking beside her.

"Carriage, Excellenza?"

"Not to-day, thank you! Down, Carlo, down! Keep the dog from following me, Felice."

As she passed the lodge the porter handed her an envelope bearing the seal of the Minister, but she did not stop to open it. With a light step she tripped along the street, hailed a coupé, cried "Piazza Navona," and then composed herself to read her letter.

When the princess and Don Camillo came out of the Countess's room Roma was gone, and the dog was scratching at the inside of the outer door.

"Now where can she have gone to so suddenly, I wonder? And there's her poor dog trying to follow her!"

"Is that the dog that goes to the Deputy's apartment?"

"Certainly it is! His name is Carlo. I'll hold him while you open the door, Felice. There! Good dog! Good Carlo! Oh, the brute! He has broken away from me."

"Carlo! Carlo! Carlo!"

"No use, Felice. He'll be half way through the street by this time."

And going down the stairs the little princess whispered to her companion: "Now, if Carlo comes home with his mistress this evening it will be easy to see where she has been."

Meantime Roma in her coupé was reading her letter—

"DEAREST—Been away from Rome for a few days, and hence the delay in answering your charming message. Don't trouble a moment about the dead-and-buried nightmare. If the story is true so much the better. R. R. is dead, thank God, and her unhappy wrath will haunt your path no more. But if Dr. Roselli knew nothing about David Rossi, how comes it that David Rossi knows so much about Dr. Roselli? It looks like another clew. Thanks again. A thousand thanks!"

"Still no news from London, but though I pretend neither to knowledge nor foreknowledge, I am still satisfied that we are on the right track."

"Dinner-party to-night, dearest, and I shall be obliged to you if I may borrow Felice. Your Princess Petiphra, your Don Saint Joseph, your Count Signorina, your Senator Tomtit, and—will you believe it!—your Madame de Trop! I can deny you nothing, you see, but I am cruelly out of luck that my dark house must lack the light of all drawing-rooms, the sunshine of all Rome!"

"How clever of you to throw dust in the eyes of your aunt herself! And these red-hot prophecies in petticoats, how startled they will soon be! Adieu!—BONNINO."

As the coupé was turning into the Piazza Navona, Roma was tearing the letter into shreds and casting them out of the window.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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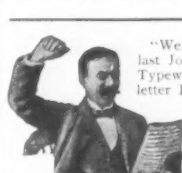
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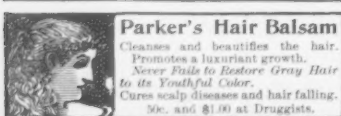
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SOME WOMEN'S CLUB PRESIDENTS



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and lock, and also covers the price of seven-teen books, a year's subscription to two juvenile magazines, and a child's newspaper. The children are divided into groups of ten and fifteen each. An older child in each group is appointed librarian, and a volunteer visitor is found. A case is placed in the home of the little librarian, and the other children who form the group are asked to meet with her on the day appointed. The books are given out and the case locked until the following week. During the hour of meeting the visitor reads to the children, talks or plays games with them, and an effort is made to interest the mothers also. Over seventy of these libraries are now located in Boston.

Albany is largely interested in this work, which for the past seven years has been carried on in connection with the University; and the Social Settlement in New York and The Children's Neighborhood Library of Troy Unitarian Church are working in the same line. The same philanthropy has been tried in Washington, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, Syracuse, Knoxville, Tenn., and Wilkesbarre, Pa.

Inspired by the success of Boston and Albany, the Carnegie Library of Pittsburg adopted The Home Library scheme as a part of its work for children. In July, 1898, they began with a gift of four libraries, and before February 1, 1899, eleven others were given. Their plans differ from others in that they provide at least one book for the mothers. They strive to obtain the best children's literature in attractive editions and books which are strictly non-sectarian. A little catalogue is printed and made as pleasing as possible, with poems and notes. The donor usually selects for the library a name which is painted in large letters on the front of the case. Everything is done with care, and it involves no small amount of work to select seventeen good books for boys and girls from ten to fifteen years of age with varied tastes. Frequently photographs are added. The John James Audubon Library is accompanied with a photograph and brief life of the great naturalist donated by his daughter. All of the groups in this library system are members of the Carnegie Library League, and each child wears a badge—an open book of white metal, silver-plated, with the words "Carnegie Home Library League" inscribed across the pages.

LIBRARIES IN THE WEST

The West is seldom behindland in philanthropic endeavors. Late in 1894, the Armour Institute of Technology determined to start children's libraries in Chicago. This work, through the instrumentality of the University Settlements, has been carried on in all quarters of the city and among all nationalities. Often the book is read aloud, the children frequently translating it into the language of their parents. Periodicals have not proven a success, as the children seem to lack interest from one month to another and thirst for something with sustained, wide-awake movement. Books like "The Adventures of a Brownie," "Tom Sawyer," and "Little Lord Fauntleroy" are in great demand among the boys, while their sisters express a preference for Louisa Alcott, if one may judge from that practical index, the wear and tear on the volumes. Each library makes its own rules, plans its own entertainment, and elects its own officers. One friendly visitor says: "One day lotto was played in four foreign languages. We talk about books, men, events, book-making, beauty in books, etc., all of which tends to make children careful in handling them."

A part of the remarkable success of traveling libraries has been due to the enthusiastic reception and help given them by the women's clubs all over the country. In New Jersey, Georgia, Wisconsin and other States these women's clubs have pushed this phase of library work until it is an assured success. The work for children in the tenement districts is only one part of this great movement.

KATHERINE LOUISE SMITH.

THE STILL UNSOLVED SERVANT PROBLEM

FROM Monett, Missouri, according to the Chicago "Inter-Ocean," comes a bugle call to servants to protect their own interests by forming a sort of trust. They have a club in that little town with the following rules:

"1. No restriction is to be placed upon the number of callers that a girl is allowed to entertain. She must be permitted to regulate her visiting list as the mistress regulates hers.

"2. Every evening out, at the maid's pleasure, after 7:30.

"3. No answering of the bell on wash days where there is only one servant in the house.

"4. Every Sunday afternoon out.

THE CHILDREN'S HOME LIBRARY

AMONG the many philanthropic movements of the day for the betterment of childhood conditions, there is none more satisfactory than what is known as "The Children's Home Library."

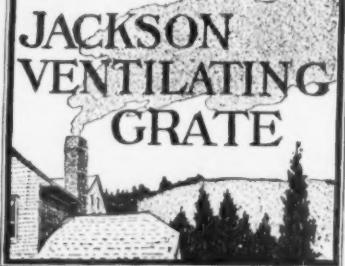
The idea originated about twelve years ago with Mr. Charles W. Birtwell, secretary of "The Boston Children's Aid Society." Through his desire to make his connection with the children real and vital grew this Home Library System, which is known under various names, as "The Children's Home Library," "Neighborhood Libraries," etc. This scheme to reach the children of the very poor has been thoroughly tested in many large places. The plan as carried out in Boston consists of purchasing small libraries and moving them occasionally. Twenty-five dollars will purchase a small book-case of white wood, stained, with glass doors

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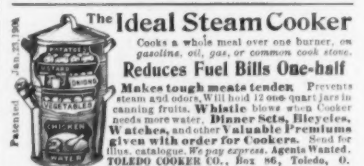
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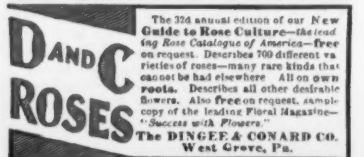
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Organization is everywhere the order of the day, and the only wonder is that the maids have not emulated the rest of the world and formed unions of this kind before now. That it will be practicable for working-women in families to insist on such iron-clad regulations as they have formulated in this Western town seems unlikely. A servant becomes an integral part of the life of a household. She is not a mere machine. In the home routine the unexpected constantly happens, and the schedule is liable to unforeseen breaks and interruptions. Mistress and maid must alike accommodate themselves to the accidents of circumstance. A child's cut finger, the sudden snapping of a water-pipe, the fall of a ceiling, the incursion of uninvited guests, a telegram requiring a hasty journey to the home of a relative, illness, any one of twenty possibilities may render a general change of plans necessary. The maid is a working-woman, as much so as a clerk in a store, or an operative in a factory, and she is equally supposed, during business hours, to attend to her duties, so that the provision in regard to her visiting list is absurd. A housemaid cannot have a visiting list in the sense in which her mistress has one. As for evenings and Sundays out or in, custom hitherto has prescribed their number.

A little yielding, a little common-sense, a large infusion of the sentiment of the Golden Rule, and a strict adherence to business principles when making and keeping the contract between the two women, the lady of the house regarding her own obligation, the maid conscientiously fulfilling hers, and the never-ending problem would be solved. Then, too, a gleam of hope comes from the Orient. Happy and at peace is that home wherein the suave Japanese glides gently to and fro, performing with grace and fidelity duties slurred over by the clumsy-footed and rough-handed daughters of Europe. A Japanese servant, as butler, as caterer, as steward, as waiter, cook in an establishment, or person-of-all-work in a small family, is simply perfect, and his fortunate possessor may write papers for her club, read novels to her heart's content, visit without an *arrêrêe* pensée about the dinner, and take her ease with her children, for her home will be administered without friction, and to her satisfaction.

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Could the reformers who honestly and earnestly wage war upon existing evils but practice moderation they would win far more than they can hope to gain by purely offensive tactics. Mrs. Nation and Mrs. Eden, in the West, no doubt were sustained by a lofty sense of right when they engaged single-handed in the destruction of saloons. Nevertheless, they were neither wise nor womanly in their tempestuous attacks, and their enthusiasm was misdirected and illogical. It also brought criticism on an excellent body of women, whose praise is on the lips of those who respect good intentions and careful administration. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union exists to build up character, to procure helpful legislative enactments, and to leave public opinion with wholesome thought. Though it needs must fight, fighting is by no means its only object, and one of its best endeavors is to educate youth in opposition to the saloon and to whatever the saloon fosters. When its members, acting as individuals, and not as part of a corporate organization, engage in stupid and foolish amazonian acts, the W.C.T.U. should not be discredited, because in this age of great independence there must always be some who allow their good to be evil spoken of, and who make blunders through the very intensity of their dislike to whatever they perceive to be an evil in the community.

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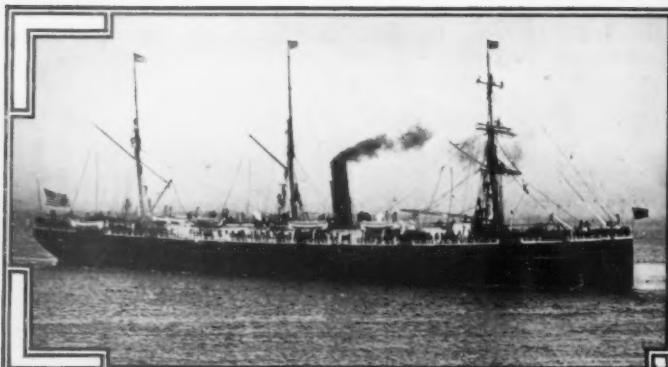
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A PASSENGER FROM THE "RIO DE JANEIRO"



CAPTAIN WILLIAM WARD (x) AND THE OFFICERS OF THE "RIO DE JANEIRO"

THE SINKING OF THE PACIFIC LINER "RIO DE JANEIRO"

(SEE OPPOSITE PAGE)

HOW THE GOLDEN GATE CLOSED UPON THE "RIO DE JANEIRO"

ON THE NIGHT of February 21, a yacht-like steamer of 3,600 tons hove-to in deep water, four miles from the Golden Gate. Fog wrapped sea, sky and land in an impenetrable veil and the voices of the captain and pilot on the bridge sounded muffled.

Said the captain: "Yes, if ever my ship goes down, I go with her."

Less than twelve hours later his ship rested on the ocean bottom, the majority of the passengers and crew had been violently summoned to meet their Maker, and the captain had kept his word. Unmarked is the grave of the *Rio de Janeiro*; for so deep did she bury herself that, despite the searchings of hundreds of boats, her exact location remains a mystery.

Pacific Mail seamen who are superstitious will long dread the figure 2. The ill-starred *Rio de Janeiro* sailed from Hong Kong on her last voyage January 22. After stops at Nagasaki and Honolulu, she arrived in American waters two days late. February 22 she met her doom, plunging into her watery grave 12 minutes after her back was broken. The sea received her at a point 2 miles from the San Francisco custom-house. Her cargo of silks, teas and what-not was valued at \$200,000, and in her hold, besides, was \$200,000 in specie. Her cabin passenger list numbered 29. The total roster of souls aboard was 201, and upon 122 of these the Golden Gate closed.

Through the night till almost dawn the ship lay to, Captain Ward, Pilot Jordan and the watch keeping constant vigil. Then the shroud of mist lifted and the channel lights pointing the way into San Francisco Bay could be seen. "Ahead, half-speed," ordered the captain, and soon the ship was ploughing the sea at six-knot speed. It was Washington's Birthday, and the captain smiled as he thought of the sweetheart with whom he would spend the holiday. Pitch dark it was now, but by the time the ship was docked daylight would reveal the form of his affianced standing upon the pierhead. During the captain's roseate reflections the fog again shut out the shore lights. But go ahead they must now, for they were in the channel. Northeast the ship was heading, correctly enough—who could know that a treacherous current was sucking her toward a submerged, unsuspected reef?

At 5.25 A.M. a Chinese steward brought coffee to the bridge. Both captain and pilot, their eyes boring into the fog ahead, waved the Chinaman aside. "For God's sake, stop her!" suddenly shouted the captain, throwing over the indicator to give the signal in the engine-room. He had seen Fort Point light directly ahead. At the same time the coffee cups flew from the Chinaman's tray—the ship had struck something.

"Must have hit the buoy," exclaimed the pilot. Instantly there was a second blow, a hideous crash, shaking the vessel from stem to stern. Her bow shot up as if she were trying to ascend an incline.

"To your stations!" commanded the captain, sounding the alarm to stand ready to abandon ship. A moment she raked, scraped, bumped over the reef, then slid back into deep water. The captain had hurried aft to direct the battle of life. "Save the women!" he thundered.

The deck swarmed with affrighted passengers and the ship's crew. Those whose duty it was to warn passengers in their state-rooms had done their duty well. Yet, when the steamer sank, she carried down with her victims who were still in their berths. Officers hurried passengers into the boats. One woman was tossed in bodily. Another jumped overboard. Some of the Chinese crew, terrorized, moaned pitifully, while crouching on the deck, blocking the path of braver men. Then all the lights went out, and with the power to see vanished discipline. "Save yourself who can" was the word. The ship gave a sickening lurch, then a headlong pitch and literally dropped into the sea. Up the ratlines of each of the three masts men began to climb; the water overtook them, swirled about them, they were obliged to let go, strike out, swim for life. Next minute, the sinister effacement of a ship was complete. Even the mastsheads were engulfed. The theory that the ship blew up after sinking is corroborated by the fact that a large quantity of wreckage was found floating about for days afterward.

Only four boats got away. A fifth was cut in two by the bow of the sinking ship. Of the 79 persons—including 23 white people and 56 Chinese—who were saved, about half owed their lives to the boats' crews; the other half, when flung into the water, clung to bits of wreckage until rescued by boats from shore. The pilot, after floating about for two hours, was picked up by a Chinaman, whose craft was one of the steamer's deck-houses. The pilot's watch stopped at 5.40, when he was hurled into the water, and this is accepted as the official time of the sinking of the ship.

The second officer of the ship was Graham Coghlan, son of Captain Coghlan, who commanded the *Raleigh* in the battle of Manila Bay. He was the first to bring the news of the awful calamity ashore.

Most prominent among those who perished was Rounselle Wildman, consul-general to Hong Kong. He was sent out in 1897, and was of assistance to Dewey in negotiating with the Filipinos. The *Rio de Janeiro* was his pet ship, and he postponed his journey to wait for her. Like the other American passengers who met death in the very doorway of their country, he was coming just to have a look at "home." He and his wife, his two children and their nurse, all now lie beneath the waters of the Golden Gate.

As soon as the news of the disaster was noised through the city, San Francisco turned out en masse and swarmed up and down the bluff for miles, watching the boats lurking about the scene of the calamity. Most of the men in these boats were out to help, but some were there to steal. Mail bags were rifled of their contents, booty of various kinds was brought ashore and hidden—but is ever wholesale death without its ghoul?

Of its 122 dead the Pacific sea gave up only eleven, but the body of Captain Ward was not among these. When last seen he was walking toward the bridge hunting for Wildman. He was a brave man and a good seaman; but in his last hour he was trying also to be a good business man. And therein lies the secret of the loss of the *Rio de Janeiro*. The spirit of commercialism on the part of her captain led to her destruction. The ship was two days overdue. The captain knew that every moment's delay meant loss of money to her owners. Despite the fog and against the advice of the pilot, he steamed ahead. He risked all in trying to save money, and he lost property valued at \$1,000,000. The blame has been cast upon him, and for sacrificing safety for speed he paid with his life.

From a window in a little house in San Francisco, overlooking the Golden Gate, the captain's sweetheart that was stares and shudders and weeps.

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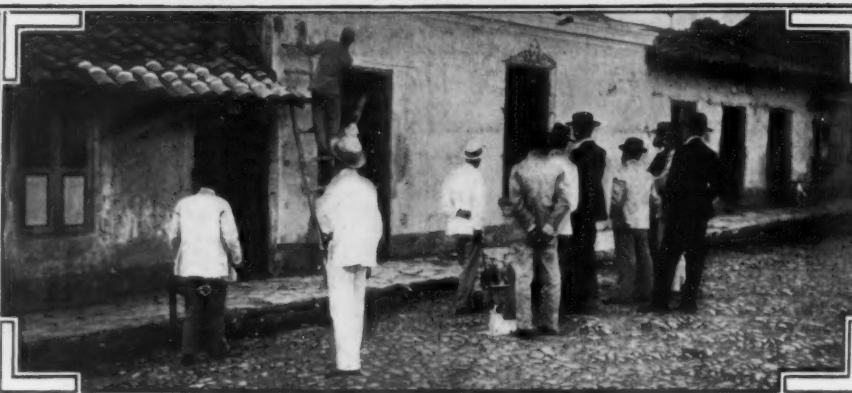
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A RUM CARRIER



CARACAS AND THE VENEZUELAN SCOURGE

BY GUY H. SCULL, OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT IN VENEZUELA DURING THE ASPHALT CONTROVERSY. PICTURES BY JAMES H. HARE, STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER



A CARACAS BEGGAR

THE DAY was hot—hot even for Caracas—so hot that the hotel proprietor remarked upon the heat and wanted to be back in Switzerland, where he had been born. Because it was early in the afternoon the doctor stood in the shade of the hotel porch and leaned with one shoulder against the wall. That his eyes might be guarded from the glare of the fierce sunlight on the white walls of the city he had shoved his hat forward, tilted downward over his forehead, thus exposing the beginning of the bald spot behind. The city was quiet. During the hours of the strongest sunshine most people remain indoors. The footfalls of a man walking sounded distinctly, grew fainter, and died away. Now a string of donkeys passed, returning to the country toward the east from the market-place; now one of the horse-cars went by. The doctor pushed his hat still further over his forehead, lighted a cigarette with his last match, threw away the box, and said: "Well! It takes them a long time to fetch that carriage."

"Do you know," he continued, speaking straight out into the street and looking at no one, "foreigners aren't liked here so awful much. Last year the United States consul at La Guayra was threatened with death while some Venezuelan officials looked on. And this government did not take much trouble to make an apology to the United States. Then, a few months ago, the United States consular agent at Barcelona was arrested without cause and put in prison. A year ago the same consular officer was arrested and an attempt made by local military authorities to extort money from him by force. Last fall a German merchant at Barcelona was arrested and tortured by the officials there until he gave them a large sum of money. Inside of twenty days a 6,000-ton German cruiser turned up, got back the money, and obtained ample satisfaction for the outrage."

"But the worst of all was what happened to two Americans a few weeks ago. They were men of high character—respectable people, mind you. They were going down to La Guayra on the morning train when they were arrested by one of these know-it-all officials and thrown into prison. They didn't get especially fine treatment in jail, and they lost the New York steamer by reason of their detention. The excuse the official gave was that one of them had spilled some cigarette ashes on the seat in front of him. Oh! they're a bird gang. Where is that carriage, I wonder? Must have got lost in the shuffle."

THE END OF THE REVOLUTION

The doctor crossed one foot over the other and shoved his hands in his pockets. He was one of those men who will talk much and fluently at some times, and at other times will say nothing. He had eaten well at lunch, and so, according to the custom of the land, he talked of the all-pervading subject of revolution.

"Well," he said, "they say the affair is all over. This came through the French cable, not from the government, so there is some chance to believe it. President Castro said that if he caught Acosta, who was the leader of the revolution about Carupano, he would shoot him. This is not the way they generally do. Capital punishment is seldom practiced here. When Andrade left after that funny battle, he cleared with a barrelful of money and a gunboat. But he sent the gunboat back with his compliments to Castro, who had kicked him out. He thought that Castro might find use for the gunboat. You see he knew his country. Well, the President said that if he captured Acosta that would be the end. Now the French cable said that Acosta has been captured and shot, by the President's orders. So that finishes that fellow. Here's that confounded carriage. Come on."

THE ROAD LEADING FROM CARACAS

Headed eastward from Caracas there runs a narrow road which takes its beginning in one of the main streets of the city. Down this street, beneath the glaring sunlight of the early afternoon, a carriage drove languidly over the rough cobblestones. There were four persons in the carriage. The other three were the doctor, the photographer, and a negro on the box seat, whose regular occupation consisted in guiding the strangers about Caracas, and who filled in his spare time in burying the dead among the people we had started out to see.

The road grew narrower. After a time the cobblestones came to an end, and the way became like a country lane, only empty of all things beautiful, and desolate. There were deep holes in the road. The carriage-wheels slumped into these with a lazy lurch, and the negro on the box-seat swayed back and forth according to the lurch of the carriage, and the photographer swayed, and the doctor swayed against the side. The horses plodded on steadily and slowly through the thick dust-cloud which rose from the ground and hung close about the moving carriage. The doctor was the first to speak.

"That's the brewery we just passed," he said. "Got a match?"

"Yes—here, take the whole box. I've got another."

"Thanks."

The doctor smoked in silence. The road became more barren. On either side were the houses of the poorer districts of Caracas. All such districts of a city are bare. There live the people—joyless people—the hangers-on, so to speak, of the other people who walk and talk and live within the city. They belong outside. Even their houses are built in the open ground of the outskirts. Here the houses were built chiefly of mud. One or two, in trying to imitate the dwellings of the more wealthy inhabitants, were built with stucco walls; only the stucco was cracked in many places and lined with streaks of dirt. The poverty of these districts brings forth the appearance of desolation. Here to the severest poverty was added great neglect.

The carriage continued slowly on its way, and the doctor smoked. At times the driver jerked on the reins, or spoke to the horses, or whipped them, but the horses proceeded as before. The noise of the city, which we had left behind—the noise of the street where the road had begun, with its horse-cars and its shops and the people who walked on the sidewalk—gradually grew fainter, and sounded now only as a low rumbling.

WHAT IS AT THE END OF THE ROAD

Then the houses became less frequent. Beyond rose a high mountain range, still and silent in the sunlight. The carriage plodded on steadily. The road lay ahead, a thin streak of white curving slightly back and forth through the brown and sun-burned plain which reached toward the east from the outskirts of the city. On either side was the barren land where grew here and there small bushes or clusters of scrub, all powdered with the dust which had blown across from the road. Now, there were not even the houses of the poor to mark the dwellings of human beings. All was empty and flat, with the white, stifling sunlight and the grand range of silent hills beyond. The carriage turned around a sharp corner in the road, and before us stood a low, one-story building—all alone in the country of the forsaken plain—the building which had been reared as an asylum for the lepers of the land.

As we came nearer to the place we saw a group of five or six men lying under the shade of a tree. These men looked up as the carriage passed. One of them especially, lying on his stomach, had the look in his eyes of some wild and languid animal who has eaten well, and so, wishing to sleep, carefully regards the passing object. The cheeks of the man were fat and puffy, the eyes were half closed.

"Are these some of them?"

"Yes," answered the doctor, "some of them. See that fellow there lying on his stomach? See the leonine cast of countenance that I told you about? He belongs to one of the early stages."

Then as we came to the building the others collected in a wondering group near the cutting in the wall—a high-peaked arch—which stood in the place of a doorway. They came forth from the inside of the building, stealthily, silently, gathering from the far ends of the broad brick veranda which fronted the hospital. They came in twos and threes, or singly, but always with scarcely any noise. Here came a man dressed all in white. Here came another from out beneath the archway resting his weight on the shoulder of a young boy, whose face had already become horribly marked with the disease. Here came a man walking close to the balustrade of the veranda who, with an outstretched, fingerless hand, leaned with each step he took on the uppermost stones of the balustrade. Behind him followed two women, each with an arm about the other's waist. Intermingled with the soft footfalls of those who came silently could be heard the regular taps of the ends of the crutches of those whose feet had fallen from them. Thus they gathered in front of the opening of the arch.

The man who leaned on the balustrade stood head and shoulders above the rest. The face of this man was unlovely; and yet when he laughed at something the interpreter said that laugh was like a human being's. In the background stood the two women. One of these was well on in years—the hair had receded far back from the forehead, and there were curls there, like an old maid who is still careful of her appearance. On her hand she wore a ring that she might look the more beautiful. But her face was like the face of the man.

Her companion was tall and dark-eyed and fair to see. Her skin was clear and unblemished. Her figure was neatly cut, and she seemed to have taken care with her dress—even the knot of her black velvet belt was tied to lie flat and even. She carried herself with the proud bearing of an ideal queen.

"The disease attacks the extremities first," explained the doctor as we passed by these two standing in the shade of the veranda. "She is beautiful now, but later on it will come to her face."

What the doctor knew the girl also understood—the disease would later come to her face. She stood there holding

herself erect, as if proud of what she still possessed, and wondrous fair to see, with her arm laid resting about the waist of the other woman—this other woman, who was always present as a living example of what she herself would soon become.

THE INTERIOR OF THE HOSPITAL

Entering through the arch, we came to the open place in the centre of the building where there were many plants—some bearing colored flowers—and a fountain of water falling into an earthenware basin. On the edge of this basin sat a girl child, and because she was only a child she pushed a stick of wood back and forth through the water of the basin in playing it represented some ship. She wore a white dress, and blue stockings, and black shoes. Her hair was bare to the sunlight. A green parrot lay against her breast, and as the girl shoved the stick first one way and then the other, the bird pecked constantly at the ruffle of lace about her neck.

"And this one?" was asked.

"She also," answered the doctor.

In following the guide we passed along the inner court, where the rooms opened out into the garden. The doors were thrown wide. The rooms inside were bare. In some of them a piece of a looking-glass was fastened to the wall, but, besides the bed, this was all the furniture. Women were inside the rooms, but they turned away at the sound of approaching footsteps. Hiding their faces in their hands, they spoke some hurried words to the interpreter.

"They say they don't want to be seen," explained the guide. "They say they are too ugly."

At the end we came to the rear of the building, where there was a back veranda, presumably belonging to the kitchen. Many black pots and pans were collected in a corner beneath the roof. At the opposite end from these sat a woman in front of a sewing machine. The skin of her face was clear, because the disease was yet with her in the first stages.

"But the greatest blessing of all is that there is no pain," said the doctor. "This much we know, but little else besides."

A GHASTLY GAME OF CARDS

We left this woman, sewing always and her eyes always watching the cloth which she shoved beneath the needle. On our return toward the arch and the exit, we came upon four men seated about a plain board table playing cards. One man leaned with his elbows on the table; the one opposite him also leaned on the table. The third man, curiously enough, wore glasses to hide his eyes, and tilted backward in his chair. The fourth sat erect, carefully scrutinizing the cards before him. The doctor rolled a fresh cigarette. "Got a match?" he asked.

"Yes. Hold on a minute! I have given you a box."

"So you did. I forgot. Must have been thinking of something else."

At last we came to the open sunlight and the clean air. According to the habits of these people, the silent men and women and children again gathered near the entrance to the building, and as we drove away they lifted their hats in salute.

On the other side of the range of mountains the sun was sinking down to the horizon. There was a clear, bright glow in the heavens, against which the sky-line of the mountains stood forth distinctly. Also an evening breeze blew fresh across the waste of empty land. The same as before, the carriage swayed from side to side, with the wheels slumping into the holes in the road, and the dust-cloud rising thick and hanging about the horses and the carriage.

Once more we passed through the outskirts, strongly marked with the poverty and neglect of the people, where stood a child with its eyes full of strange knowledge and a pale woman.

No one talked for a long time. The doctor rolled a cigarette, but he tore the paper; so he threw it away and rolled another. He struck a match, still in silence. Then between the first hurried puffs he spoke:

"I've got a match now," he said, holding up the box. "You see I remembered it this time, didn't I?"

Slowly the carriage crawled back toward the city. The noise of the street could be heard now—the low rumbling—which gradually grew louder until it resolved itself into distinct sounds in which the tinkling of the horse-car bells could be distinguished from the traffic of heavy wheels. We repassed another train of donkeys returning from the city to the country, with the man in soiled white trousers and soiled undershirt walking in the dust beside the animals. And no one spoke. We repassed the brewery with its sign painted in black letters across the front of the stucco wall. Then we came to the cobblestones where the street of the city began again, and we felt the wheels beneath us rattling hard over the uneven pavement. Here was the city full of life and movement, and people who lived and were clean. The desolate plain of sunburned land had passed behind us. It was not until then that any more words were said:

"And there is no cure," said the doctor.



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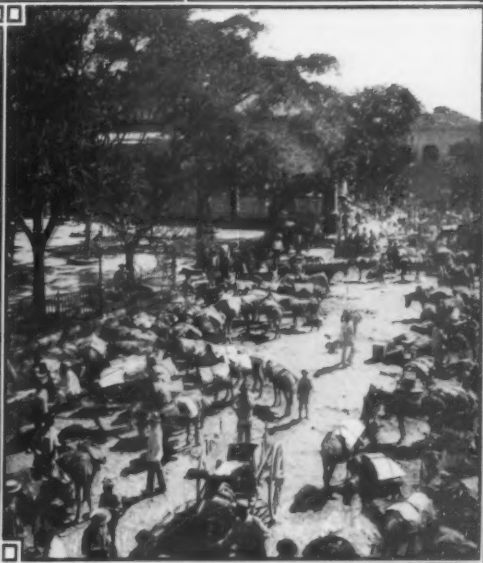
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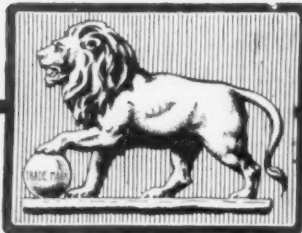
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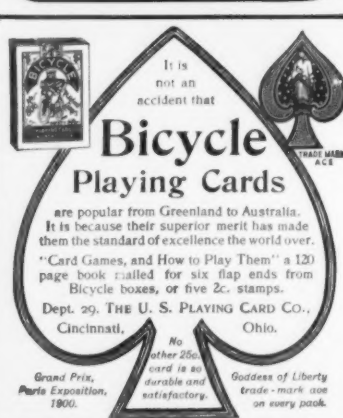
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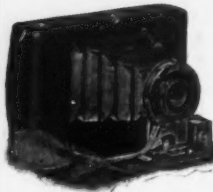
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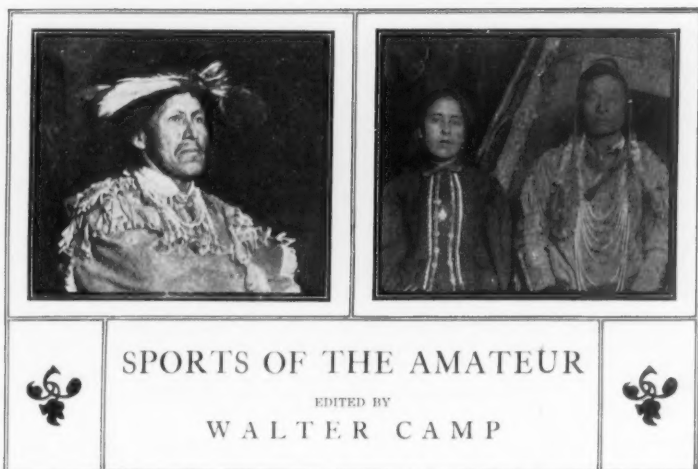
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SPORTS OF THE AMATEUR

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SHOW

THE Seventh Annual Sportsmen's Show at the Madison Square Garden is a most comprehensive exhibit. Whether the average man or woman cannot secure greater pleasure from the expenditure of the admission money in some other channel is a question of individual taste. The ordinary theatre offers better actors than the Ojibway Indians who are engaged in portraying Longfellow's "Hiawatha." Most of the first-class sporting goods shops afford a greater range each in its own specialty than can be placed upon exhibit in the narrow confines of the concessions. And, finally, the camps suggest the fly and tinsel of the second-class stage property to one who remembers the actual reality. The over-fastidious might question the taste of the art that should endeavor to mimic nature under Madison Square Garden limits and conditions. Yet for all that, there is a kind of generous kindergarten there for those who wish to compress into an hour all the education possible upon the subjects of fish and game, from breeding to killing and stuffing. It is a delicate point for those who only half way believe in the killing to say just where all the lines are drawn between protection and destruction, and to such no exhibit in the Garden is pleasanter than that of the fish hatchery.

Around this exhibit there was almost always an interested throng peering down through the shallow water at the diminutive fish. Outside of this the exhibit of what one might call "live stock" was not very exciting, a couple of small brown bears doing most of the duty of entertainment. The camps, while excellent in verisimilitude so far as the make-up was concerned, had somehow the usual rawness that comes from transplantation. The exhibits of stuffed animals and heads were not more than usually impressive, but the boats and motors were. Here progress has been marked and the finished launch of to-day is indeed a thing of beauty and utility. Firearms and ammunition held their usual place, one cartridge company having an especially attractive stand. One or two golf manufacturers had exhibits which should result in some sales. On the whole, one is not quite sure, after wandering through the entire show, watching the shooting and listening to the Indians and guides, who really make the most out of it—the public, the press, the performers, the exhibitors, the railroads, or the wild animals. It is pleasant to be protected, if only at some season of the year, and if one must be killed, it is far better to be killed scientifically. After all, some of the game must look back longingly for the days of the bow and arrow.

THE very term Henley seems to stir up the American rowing man as nothing else can. This year a descent is contemplated upon the English racing course by the University of Pennsylvania's crew, possibly also by the Vesper Boat Club of Philadelphia and the Dauntless Club of New York. In addition to this there has been much talk about an American Henley. Its first projectors had in mind the American Thames. Then came others to the front with the belief that the Harlem Speedway course was the proper place, and there are not a few who still maintain that Poughkeepsie could be made over for such an event, and everybody knows that the Schuylkill is possible.

All this excitement and interest comes from the fact that there is no pleasanter sight and more enjoyable occasion than the series of races known in England as the Henley races. But the Americans would not be restrained by traditions as are Englishmen. The amateur rules which govern at Henley have many times been aspersed in this country and a

great hue and cry raised because of their peculiarities. An American crowd on any of our open rivers would not be policed with anything like the methods that are used at Henley. At Poughkeepsie we have seen steamers come up the course and knock a shell to pieces against her float. We have seen steamers come up the New London Thames, and almost stop a race in the last half-mile, not to speak of other incidents quite as convincing in themselves.

But a visit to the English Henley is another matter. Pennsylvania by raising five thousand dollars could make the arrangement without great difficulty, bearing in mind that on account of her arrangements here she would probably have to support two crews. For the writer's part, a test between rowing as taught by Ellis Ward and as exhibited by the Pennsylvania crew, and that of the Englishmen as shown at Henley, would be as interesting a sight as one could wish for, besides being very instructive. It would settle some questions far more conclusively than the visit of almost any other crew.

The only difficulty in a comparison of this sort is that no one can be sure of the condition of the visiting crew. Cornell, when her crew raced in England on the occasion of their try for the Henley, rowed over the course on time, after they had been over a week, faster than they ever rowed it again, and faster than the race was rowed by the crew which won the event. Cornell's actual time showed a steady falling off from the time of their arrival. How far condition affected this one cannot say. But Pennsylvania will have profited by the experiences of other visitors, and will be more dangerous. If the athletic club crews go, they should furnish still further data for comparison between the rowing methods of the two countries and give us more than one measure of our rowing ability. Henley has always been, and always will be, a great educator. It often changes men's rowing opinions; but it is an extraordinary and impressive fact that it has been almost invariably the opinions of the visiting oarsmen that have changed and not the behavior of the Englishmen. The home rowers must be beaten to effect that.

It is planned to give a memorial to the late William B. Curtis, and there is no object to which the amateur athletes of this country would take a greater pride in subscribing, for there is no man who could command the affection of this entire body as did Mr. Curtis. It should be not only a success, but a representative success. Amateur athletics in America bear the stamp of no man more distinctly than that of this stalwart middle-aged man, who perished on Mt. Washington last summer. Those who had known him for the last decade of his life were familiar with him more as a referee and as a legislator than as a participant in the track games in which he first showed his proficiency. In the early days of track and field athletics, William B. Curtis was not only a pioneer, but a champion. In the weight throwing, both hammer and shot, lay his special forte; but he was a good all-round man in every sense of the word. During some of the trying periods, when there were two national bodies, Mr. Curtis was a leader, and in the end a pacificator. Of late years his work in legislation had done much to keep up the standard of sport in all its branches and to preserve the amateur spirit. To him and to Caspar Whitney are largely due many of the reforms which made distinct the line between the professional and the amateur, and which gradually drove over into the proper camp the men who composed the class known as semi-professionals. The intercollegiate athletic



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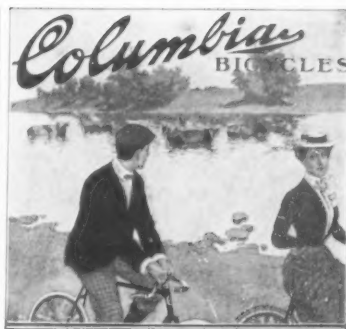
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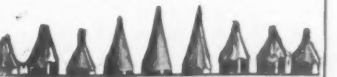
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games for many years have now known but one referee, and that was Mr. Curtis. And all those who were interested in these sports know what a serious loss his death will prove to those who have the conduct of these sports in hand. When, therefore, it was rumored that he had perished in a snowstorm while climbing Mt. Washington in midsummer, it seemed to all his friends quite past belief.

The most shocking of climbing accidents occurring in this country was that which resulted in his death, together with that of Albin Ormsbee on Mt. Washington in the summer of 1900. Mr. Curtis, as already stated, was known as the father of American track athletics, and although sixty years old, was a thoroughly active and powerful man. He and Ormsbee set out to climb Mt. Washington by way of what is known as the Parker bridge-path. Ordinarily this is considered a perfectly safe path. Curtis and Ormsbee had left Mr. Ilgen, another member of the Appalachian Mountain Climbing Club, at eight o'clock on Saturday morning, as Ilgen wished to make an ascent of the Twin Mountains. Curtis and Ormsbee had set off, intending to ascend Mt. Willard, and then, going up this bridge-path, finally join the rest of the Appalachians at the summit of Mt. Washington. As a matter of fact, no real anxiety was felt about Curtis and Ormsbee, in spite of the storm, and it was not until Monday morning, July 2, that Louis F. Cutter, one of the members of the Appalachian Club, started out from the summit house for a stroll. When two miles down the trail he stumbled upon the body of Mr. Curtis lying face downward on the path. There was a slight cut on Mr. Curtis's temple, but otherwise he was not bruised. Mr. Cutter took a card out of his pocket and pinned it upon the coat, with this inscription: "Monday, July 2, 1900. I found this man about 11.15 A.M. I think he was dead. I think it is Mr. Curtis. I am going to walk about a little to find Mr. Ormsbee and will then return to the summit."

Mr. Cutter then proceeded to look for the body of Ormsbee, but could find no trace of him. Returning to the summit house, he gave the alarm to the other members of the Appalachian Club, and they immediately started out upon a search. Professor H. C. Parker of Columbia University came across the body of Ormsbee within a very short time. He was also lying face downward, but some distance off the bridge-path. He was, however, actually less than a quarter of a mile from the summit house, and had evidently been making a perfectly direct line for that refuge when he succumbed. His body was covered with bruises, received, undoubtedly, by his falls against the rocks in the fierce wind. A stretcher was brought into requisition, and Ormsbee's body was carried to the summit house. The members of the club then went down to where Curtis lay, and made a thorough examination of all the surroundings.

From all indications it was apparent that the two men had not considered themselves in anything like serious danger until they had become pretty well exhausted. Then they had made a shelter in which, had they remained, unquestionably both their lives would have been saved; for enough sandwiches were found in this shelter to keep them from starving until the storm abated on Monday. It was evident, however, that they had determined that one or the other should go out and make for the summit and bring back succor to the other. Ormsbee had started out and had made nearly four-fifths of the distance before he succumbed. Curtis had probably waited some time for Ormsbee's return, and perhaps had grown anxious about him and determined to go out and look for him. Thus he, too, became a victim of the elements. The comment of experienced Alpine climbers on the fatality has one agreement and but one conclusion, and that is that the men should have stayed in the shelter, not making their final attempt, at any rate, until their provisions had been exhausted, because such a storm raging in that locality was certain to be of short duration, and at that time of the year could hardly continue at the most over forty-eight hours.

One hardly realizes the growth of what may be called the leisure class in this country until he passes through the Southern resorts and, as a duffer, attempts to play golf. Aiken was once almost alone; now nearly every one of the winter sunny places has not only a golf course but a string of tournaments and a crowd of players to keep the links well filled up from morn till eve. The latest at Palm Beach has been a Woman's Tournament, and the field was a big one, too. Miss Alice F. Walton of Pittsburgh found her way through a large field and fought out the issue with success against Miss Mary Warren of Philadelphia, defeating her by 2 up and 1 to play. Miss Downey won the consolation, defeating Mrs. Woods 2 up. At Tampa Bay, between Lockwood, Gillespie, Turner and Barnett, there was some capital golf for the Gulf Coast medal. Turner has upon several occasions played some phenomenal golf and is a most promising man when he steadies down. At Aiken, Grant and Harriman are showing some excellent winter form, while Travis, over the Jacksonville links, has recently, in a best-ball match against Bryan and Hardee, done a 39 and 35 or a 74 for the eighteen holes.

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WOMEN AND GYMNASIUMS



THE GREAT QUESTION which is exercising the minds of many, and especially students of physical culture and physicians, is, just what the result of the present athletic era is going to be upon women. Men have already been tested, as the athletic period for boys and men began some thirty years, or practically a generation, before it did for women. To the fine strapping types we now see are attributed by many the present desire for athletics under which girls, ranging from fifteen to twenty-five, have grown up. Just how much of this can be attributed to that cause statistics alone cannot say, for those who contend for outdoor sports are by no means sure that the indoor or gymnasium work produces anything like as beneficial a result. On the other hand, it is certainly a fact, and one quite in favor of those who stand by the gymnasium, that a great many girls would not exercise at all if it were not for the greater privacy of the gymnasium. Class exercises have become especially popular throughout the gymnasiums for girls. In fact, it is only recently that a complaint came out through the papers to the effect that the candidates for the

Columbia crew and other athletic teams had been actually driven out of their quarters by the inroads of the young women. As a rule, the sports proper have been taken up both indoors and outdoors within the last ten years by all young women who wish to be in the fashion. Tennis perhaps was the starting point, although riding had preceded it,

and was an old favorite. But riding was limited to an exceptionally placed few who had the wealth to make horses possible. Tennis and bicycling led many women to the enjoyment of outdoor life, and golf has followed with a large number of adherents. Probably of the three the bicycle has been most conducive to this outdoor education. In gymnasiums the athletic craze began with classes for general movements, dumb-bell exercises and club-swinging; but within the last few years, fencing, swimming, tricks upon the apparatus and, finally, basket-ball have brought the interest up very materially.

In the gymnasiums connected with women's colleges there are various systems of instruction followed. That most generally adopted is to cover the first year with the more elementary forms. Those of the Swedish gymnasium are particularly adapted for the freshman work. This was even more strongly indicated in the days when there was much less popular belief in the physical development of young girls, and when those who entered a woman's college were far below the present average in that respect. Those girls who had exhibited such a bent for study as to be sent up for higher education were for the most part the very ones to whom a sturdy outdoor enjoyment had appealed the least, and hence their physique was below rather than above the average standard of girls of their age. The same situation, while it still prevails in a measure, is by no means so marked. For all that, it is unquestionably true that the preliminary work of this nature is still the best preparation for the further gymnasium instruction now so generally given. At the same time, with the exercises of this first year there is usually a course of lectures upon hygienic living, how to acquire and preserve a proper carriage, discussion of corrective and recreative gymnastics, and the value of outdoor sport and regular living. After the first year the classes can be more or less graded, and by this means the exercises may be broadened out and adapted more to individual needs and peculiarities. As in the case of men, there grow up out of the number many who can, on account of their physical strength and abilities, take up special forms of exercise to advantage. Previous to the day of recreative games, the dumb-bells and Indian clubs, followed by the chest weights, bars, rings and rowing machines, furnished the more advanced education in this line. Now the sport of

basket-ball has become so popular, and furnishes such a pleasurable excitement, that there is hardly a woman's gymnasium or a man's either, for that matter, where the baskets are not hung at the ends, and whose surface is not occupied during most of the hours when it is possible to crowd the other exercisers off by the basket-ball teams practicing or playing their regular games. How far this latter sport can go to the improvement of the physique and strength of the devotees is a question already being raised and discussed by physicians and cautious heads of women's gymnasiums. That it may be carried to extremes is no more true of it than of almost every competitive pastime, and that it furnishes the pleasurable excitement without which—no less a personage than Sir Morell McKenzie stated—no exercise reaches its highest value is certainly true. Girls sometimes suffer injuries in it, and so, too, do men. In fact, I remember that at one of our Western universities I saw a professor have two ribs broken in a game. But he played again as soon as his ribs were well, and he appeared to have just as great belief in its undiminished value as before.

The most advanced teachers in the schools of physical education now regard the gymnasium as a means to an end. They build up there the weak parts. They educate the untrained muscles. They so gradually increase the general strength of the pupils as to make possible for and pleasurable to them the out-of-door sports and pastimes without which so much both of pleasure and profit may be lost. It is not possible for a weak boy or girl to plunge directly into any of the violent sports without risk of some serious and lasting injury. A course in the gymnasium under a trained instructor may take away all risk and yield results in satisfactory equipment that can be safely acquired in no other way.

One of the points not touched upon is fencing. There is no question as to the great value of this exercise not only as an exercise but as a means of developing strength and grace in a marvellous manner. Nor is there any sight more attractive in the realm of woman's exercise than that of a graceful fencer. The strength of the wrist, the poise, the freedom of movement acquired through devotion to the foils always well repays either man or woman who will devote the necessary time to it. It is a sport too little appreciated and far too little practiced in this country.



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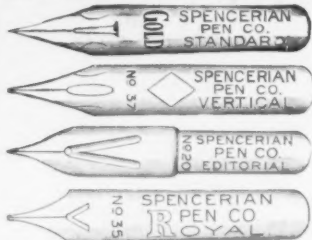
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(THIRD ARTICLE)



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The work performed by these scientists is as varied and different as the industries which make our national life so successful. For the sake of brevity and system, however, they are classified under great departments and bureaus, and in each one there will be found specialists in a dozen different lines. No man in scientific research has attained so great a reputation to make him above working for the United States Government, and no man is too humble of origin to be passed by unnoticed if he has anything new and of special value to the country. In the Department of Agriculture there are thousands of trained experts and men of science who are laboring in the interests of some ten million farmers. One of the largest libraries in the world is that which the Department of Agriculture publishes, and copies of the books and pamphlets issued from this department run into the millions.

The Department of Agriculture is administered by the Secretary, who is a Cabinet Minister, appointed by the President, and he makes his own selections for the heads of the different bureaus. The civil service law applies to many of the appointments in this department, and there is an unwritten law applying to many places outside of the civil service that no competent man shall be dismissed without cause. It is a well known fact that there are scores of important positions in the department which are hard to fill, and a good man is retained in service for a lifetime. These scientific experts are paid good salaries, ranging from two to five thousand dollars a year, with some few exceeding the latter figure.

"CROP REPORTERS"

The Department of Agriculture co-operates with the State Experiment Agricultural stations, and collects through State employees a vast amount of reliable data; but at the same time several thousand field experts are directly or indirectly employed by the national government in this work. The monthly crop reports are issued at great expense, and expert reporters are scattered all over the country to gather material for these publications. If one part of the country suffers from the ravages of a new insect a corps of trained scientific men are dispatched there under the direction of the national government. These men are all employed according to their several abilities, and their services are retained so long as they prove themselves of value. Their salaries range from a thousand to three thousand dollars. Many who are only occasionally employed to collect data or to make experiments are paid at the rate of two to three dollars a day. The Department of Agriculture is also a great purchaser of literary material, and many experts sum up the results of their observations and experiments in essays which the government purchases outright for good sums. These essays are then issued gratuitously to all those interested in the subject.

FORESTRY, A NEW PROFESSION

Under the jurisdiction of the Department of Agriculture are such important bureaus and offices as Forestry, Public Roads, Animal and Plant Chemistry, Entomology, and Textile Industries. Hundreds of experts are employed in these bureaus. In forestry in particular is the government trying to educate and instruct a large corps of practical, scientific men, who can take proper charge of the forest lands of the country, and show to the private owners how best to make them profitable and productive without destroying them. Forestry may be called a new profession, and government experts are trying to find a body of men sufficiently in love with trees and their preservation, and versed in the lore and science of timber culture, to make them of practical utility to the country. These foresters must be something more than mere timber-cutters and woodmen; they must have a knowledge of the needs of trees, a practical working familiarity with the different varieties of growths, and a fair knowledge of entomology. The insect ravages are so great in many of our forests that the forester must be able to check their increase and ravages. Many practical foresters to-day, whether employed by the Forestry Division of the Department of Agriculture, or by private owners of large timber tracts, receive from \$1,200 to \$2,000 a year.

IN THE FISHERIES DEPARTMENT

The government employs a large corps of scientific men in the Fisheries Department, and

scattered throughout the country at the different hatcheries there are hundreds who spend all their days in working for the increase of our fresh and salt water fishes. No country in the world has achieved such signal success in fish hatching and propagating as the United States. The Fish Commission has not only stocked the waters of our country with millions of young fish, but its members have imported the fish of other countries, discovered new foods for our native fish, protected millions of young fry by removing dangerous enemies, saved our streams from pollution by factories which would have destroyed all fish life, and in short made our fish food double, treble, and quadruple in a decade. Scientific fish propagation is one of the most popular branches of the government work. For an expenditure of a few hundred thousand dollars a year in experimenting and cultivating young fish millions of dollars' worth of fish food is added to the wealth of the country. Thus the many profit by the concentration of the science, skill, and energy of the experts under the control of experienced leaders.

Like all the other scientific departments, the remuneration of workmen and experts in the Fisheries Department depends upon the character of the labors required, and the special fitness of the men.

WEATHER PROPHETS MUST BE VERY WISE MEN

The Weather Bureau probably requires men of as exact scientific training and reasoning as any other branch of government work. The preparation must include thorough courses in chemistry, physics, natural sciences, and practical work in some weather bureau office. Advancement is made by gradual promotion, but more often the higher positions are filled by men who have made reputations in this line independent of weather bureau training. This bureau is rapidly forging ahead as one of the most important under the supervision of the government. Accurate predictions of the weather determine the fate of lives and property in a way never before dreamed of; but in order to do this properly the work must be brought to a more exact science. Skilled scientists and original workers alone can accomplish such results. The field is thus a brilliant one for daring and original investigators, whose training and temperament leads them to the study of atmospheric conditions.

UNCLE SAM'S "WHITE WINGS"

The Public Roads Office is a feature of our government work which also employs scores of scientific experts in their particular line, and which must continue to prove of greater and greater value to the country. We are just entering upon a great road improvement era, in which we may excel all other countries and past epochs. The government has recognized the importance of this movement, and it has put trained road-builders and experts in the field to co-operate with local bodies interested in the work. The science of road-building is the science of the mechanical engineer, and only those who have made a study of the questions at issue can produce the highest results. The collecting of data concerning road-building in other countries is only a part of the business of this great office.

MINERS AND ASSAYERS

Next to our agricultural resources the mining wealth of our land is the most important, and the agitation made some time ago to establish a new department, with a Cabinet Minister at its head, to look after the mining interests of the United States, indicates how important this field has become. In the assay offices throughout the country there are hundreds of expert chemists and scientists who look after the interests of those who have mines. The man who makes a fortunate discovery of gold or silver does not have to go to a private concern to have his wealth tested. The nearest government assay office will do that for him without fear or favor. When the assay is made the poorest miner feels that he has been justly dealt with; but this feature of the work is only one of many others equally important. The government has its corps of mining engineers and experts who examine new mining regions and report upon their observations.

In all these positions under the government some scientific training or knowledge is necessary as a preliminary. The fear or favor of political pull is less than in most other departments. The work is all of a scientific or semi-scientific character, and a mere political follower or ward henchman can hardly cut a decent figure in such a position. Consequently the positions are in less demand than the mere clerical ones.

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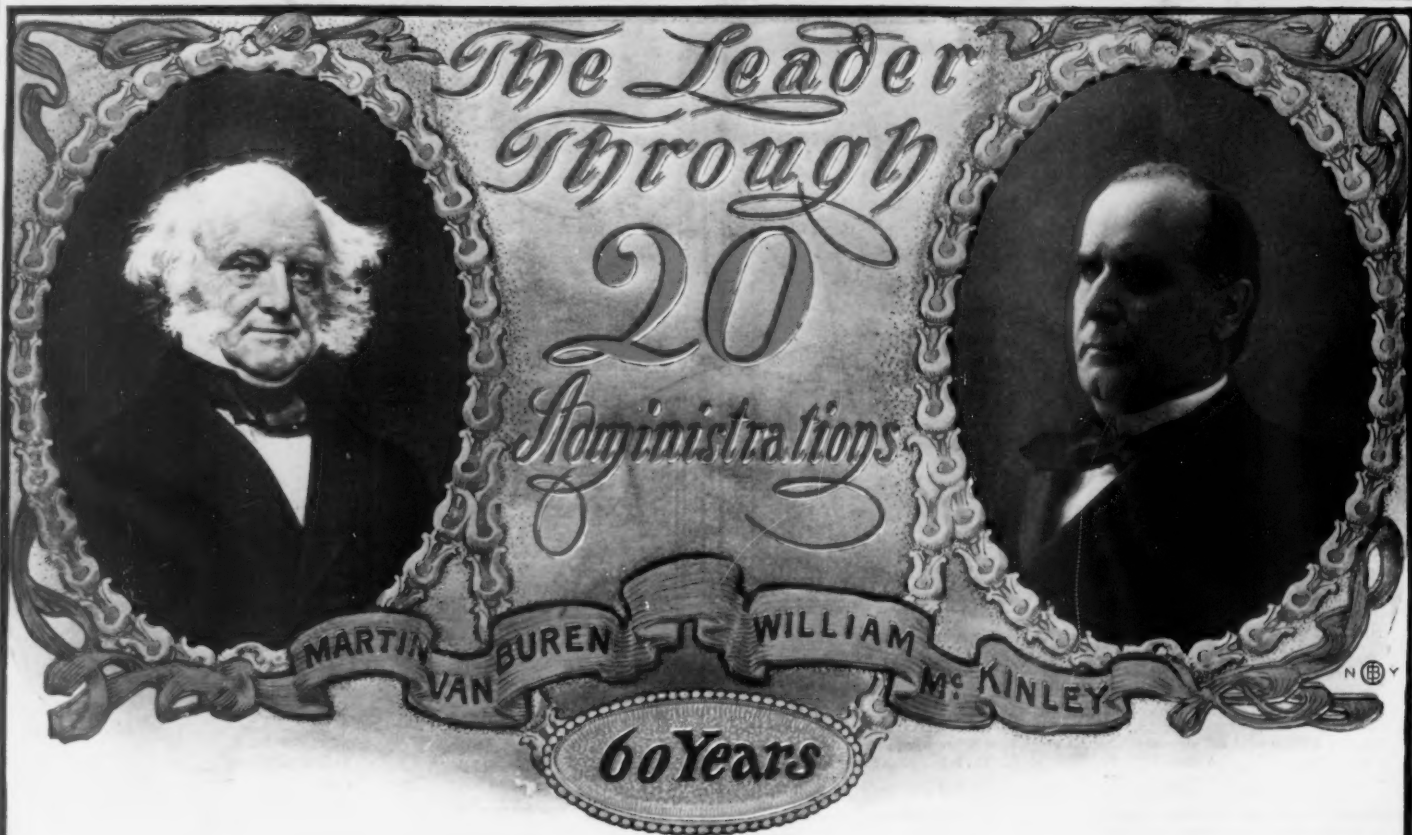
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WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP (Barbers'). Used in thousands of families as a toilet soap. Its delicate, emollient qualities make it peculiarly safe and delightful for toilet use. Unequaled for keeping the hands soft, white and smooth.

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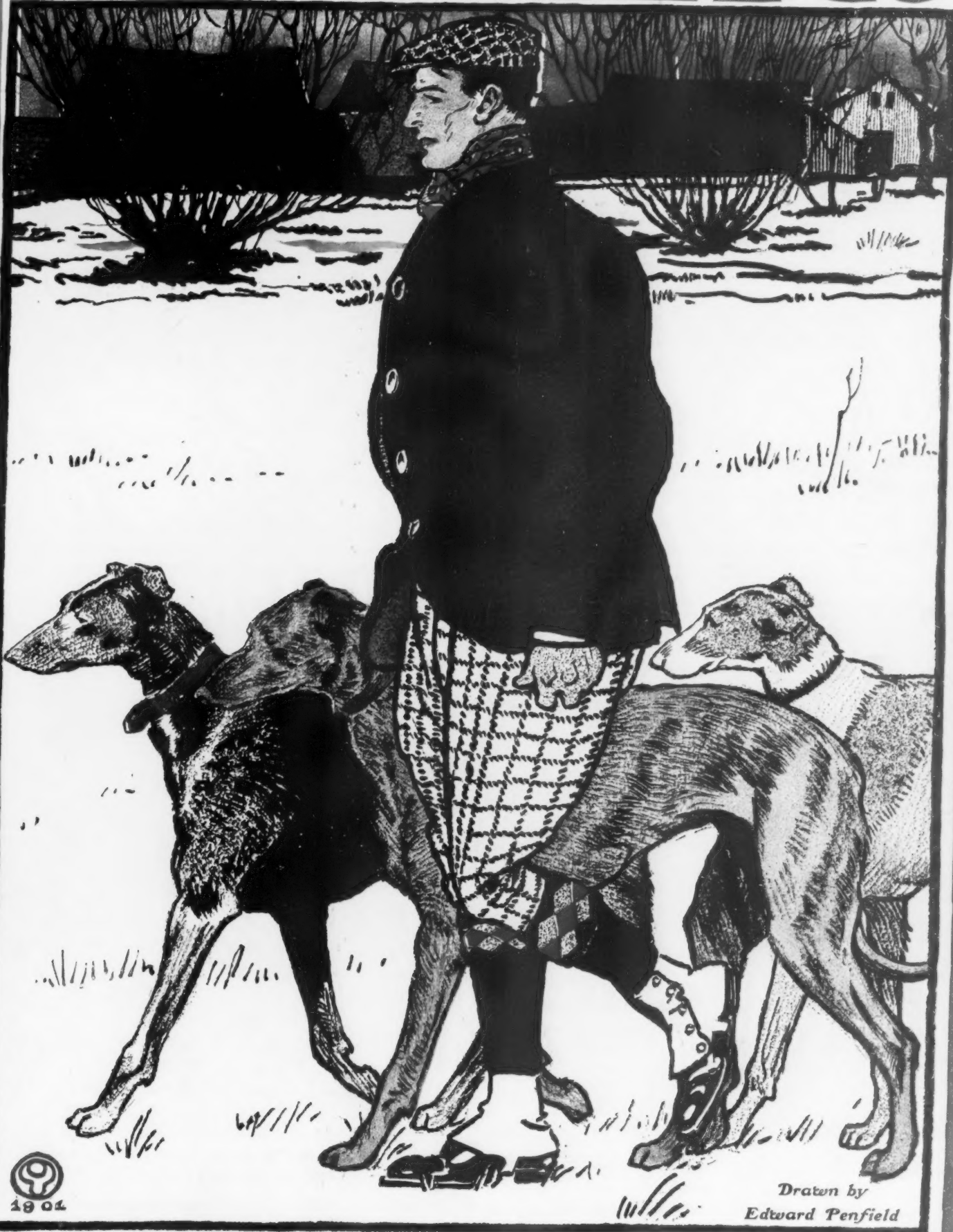
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WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP



"No, thank you! I want WILLIAMS' Shaving Soap. I beg your pardon, there isn't anything else 'just as good.' I have used Williams' Soap all my life and know what I am talking about. O, yes; I've tried the other kinds, but they were all failures—lather dried quickly, my face smarted, they made shaving a nightmare! Give me Williams' Soap, please; that's good enough for me."

CAUTION—Don't accept a substitute for Williams' Shaving Soap on which the dealer makes a little more profit. You will not only get an inferior soap, but probably also a smaller cake, as you will see if you compare it with Williams' Soap.

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WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK, 25c. LUXURY SHAVING TABLET, 25c.
GENUINE YANKEE SHAVING SOAP, 10c. SWISS VIOLET SHAVING CREAM, 50c.
WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP (Barbers') 6 round cakes, 1 lb., 40c. Exquisite also for toilet.

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